

POEMS.

BY

EDWARD ATKYNS BRAY.

K

Primùm ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,
Excèrpam numero: neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis; neque si quis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam. HORAT.

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—♦—
1799.

POEMS

BY

EDWARD ARNOLD



TO
THOMAS BASKERFEILD, JUN. Esq.
OF REDBURNE, HERTFORDSHIRE.

DEAR SIR,

THE following juvenile POEMS,
the amusement of my leisure hours, though
little worthy of your acceptance, are offered
as a trifling pledge of respect and gratitude,
by

Your obliged and

affectionate Cousin,

TAVISTOCK,
March 6, 1799.

EDWARD ATKYNS BRAY.

TO

THOMAS BARKER, Esq.

OF BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR SIR,

The following is a list of the
the amount of the sum of money
the worth of the property, and
a bill of exchange on the bank.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD ALBANY.

CONTENTS.

BALLADS.

Henry and Mary, - - -	3
The Gipsy, - - - - -	7
Edmund and Laura, - -	14
Edward and Emma, - -	23
Adolwic and Clutha, - -	29
Horatio and Sabina, - -	39
The African, - - - - -	47
The Traveller, - - - -	54
Domitius and Ismena - -	61
The Pilgrim, - - - - -	69
Bernard and Martha, - -	83

TALES.

The rural Sisters, a fairy tale,	95
Conrade and Phœbe, Do.	107
The Brahmin, - - - - -	131
Stancla, - - - - -	139

SONNETS.

1. To Maria, written on a blank leaf of a book lent to her by the Author, - - - - -	157
2. To the Same, - - - - -	158
3. To the Same, on return- ing her glove, - - - -	159

4. To the Same, with an inclosed watch-paper drawn by the Author,	160
5. Addressed to * * * in Wales, June 10, 1798,	161
6. To the Same, on his return	162
7. - - - - -	163
8. - - - - -	164
9. - - - - -	165
10. - - - - -	166
11. To the Swallow, - -	167
12. - - - - -	168
13. - - - - -	169
14. - - - - -	170
15. To Tavistock Abbey	171
16. To the ruins of a Tower, part of Tavistock Abbey, - - - - -	172
17. To Lydford Fall, - -	173
18. Lydford Bridge, - -	174
19. On the Same, - - -	175
20. To Welchman's, or Whist- man's Wood, on Dart- moor, - - - - -	176
21. To Parliament Rock, on Dartmoor, - - - - -	178

22. Intended for an inscription on a rock, removed by a torrent on Dartmoor	- - 179	MISCELLANEOUS.	
23. To Brentor,	- - 180	Morwel Rock	- - - 191
24. To Morwel Rock	- - 181	Pan and Cupid	- - - 198
25. Lady Stanning's Rock,	182	Epistle to a Friend	- - - 202
26. - - -	- 184	An Excursion on the river Tamar,	- - - 206
27. - - -	- 185	The Origin of the British Flag,	218
28. - - -	- 186	Ægon, a pastoral, &c.	- 223
29. - - -	- 187	Ode to Sublimity,	- - 228
30. To a swarm of Bees,		Song,	- - - 233
July 4, 1798,	- - 188	Song,	- - - 235
		Hymn,	- - - 237
		Hymn,	- - - 239
		Hymn,	- - - 240

THE author hopes distance from the press will, in some measure, apologize for the following

ERRATA.

Page.	Stanza.	
20,	26,	<i>read</i> flow <i>for</i> glow
26,	13,	— brave <i>for</i> have
32,	12,	— ' I swear by Woden, mark my oath,' <i>for</i> ' I swear by Woden's mighty arm,'
—,	14,	— wretch <i>for</i> reth
45,	27,	<i>dele</i> the semicolon after rapt
51,	16,	<i>read</i> prey <i>for</i> pray
71,	11,	— then <i>for</i> there
72,	12,	— fought <i>for</i> sought
114,	21,	— thus <i>for</i> then
120,	41,	— here <i>for</i> her
121,	43,	— resists <i>for</i> resist
	Line.	
124,	18,	— Cowsick <i>for</i> Coswick
143,	106,	— vent <i>for</i> sent
157,	3,	— ever-sacred <i>for</i> over-sacred
—,	13,	— aid <i>for</i> care
158,	10,	— Thy <i>for</i> The
197,	134,	— Town <i>for</i> Tower
	Stanza.	
206,	1,	— sun <i>for</i> fun
213,	24,	<i>place</i> a comma after vainly
215,	31,	<i>read</i> strain <i>for</i> strains
—,	—,	— reach <i>for</i> each
	Line.	
224,	28,	— thy <i>for</i> the
226,	61,	— rose's <i>for</i> roses
—,	66,	— e'en <i>for</i> e'er
232,	85,	— Thou <i>for</i> Then
	Stanza.	
239,	2,	— faults <i>for</i> acts

• 474 附录 I

BALLADS.

B

BALLADS.

H E N R Y

AND

M A R Y.

1.

AS, mid the grass, the lowly flower
Conceals its charms from view;
MARY, beneath her father's cot,
Unknown, in beauty grew.

2.

The guilty passions of the world
Ne'er swell'd her artless breast;
Her tongue, by Innocence inspir'd,
Her ev'ry thought express'd.

3.

Young HENRY woo'd the beauteous maid;
Her breast, too, felt Love's flame,
Whene'er, to meet her in the grove,
The punctual Lover came.

4

4.

For they, amid the shades of night,
Were forc'd to meet by stealth;
Since MARY's Sire the youth despised,
Alas! for want of wealth.

5.

Her friends' consent, by means of gold,
The miser, ROBERT, gain'd;
For wealth, alas! they vainly thought,
The sum of bliss contained.

6.

The maid resolv'd, with their desires,
Thro' Duty, to comply:
To ROBERT, her fair hand she gave,
But hop'd ere long to die.

7.

Assembled at the nuptial feast,
The guests enjoy'd the bowl,
Whilst woe-worn MARY felt despair
Prey fast upon her soul.

5

8.

Amid their mirth the village clock
The hour of midnight sounds;
Before them rises HENRY's Ghost,
And all their mirth confounds.

9.

Loud peals of thunder shake the room,
The vivid lightnings blaze;
The Guests, in silent horror lost,
Upstart in wild amaze.

10.

The Phantom, with a hollow groan,
"Ah! dearest MARY!" cried,
"I know the secrets of thy heart,
"For I thy heart have tried."

11.

"Thou art, tho' constant to thy vows,
"Compell'd a wretch to wed,
"Who ne'er shall lead thy heav'nly charms
"To grace his nuptial bed."

B 3

12.

He ceas'd, and, with a ghastly smile,
 His bosom bared to view,
 Pierc'd with a broad and bloody wound;
 And thus exclaim'd anew.

13.

"Frantic with love and fell despair,
 "Myself perform'd the deed!
 "Yet, ROBERT! hear my words, for I,
 "Not unreveng'd, shall bleed.

14.

"Tho' thou hast won the virgin's hand,
 "To crown this nuptial hour;
 "No wealth, no ample gifts she brings,
 "For death shall be her dower."

15.

Convuls'd, that instant ROBERT fell
 A corpse upon the floor:
 The spectre vanish'd from their view,
 And with him MARY bore.

THE GIPSY.

1.

EVE had outspread her dusky wing
Before the car of Night;
Dim in the village-window gleam'd
The taper's trembling light:

2.

When, shiv'ring with the wintry blast,
That shook each leafless spray,
A GIPSY knock'd at WILLIAM's door,
And begg'd the night to stay.

3.

The youth, to children of Distress,
Thro' sympathy, was kind,
For he, alas! had lately lost
His wonted peace of mind.

4.

The lonely Wand'rer, to his shed,
He, with a smile, receiv'd;
For, to alleviate others' woe,
His own, in part, reliev'd.

5.

He added fuel to his fire,
The board with viands spread,
And, to the GIPSY, with a sigh
That told his sorrows, said:

6.

"With Hospitality's glad voice,
"I cannot greet thine ear,
"For tho' a smile adorns my cheek,
" 'Tis water'd with a tear.

7.

"Since thou canst read the book of Fate,
"To thee I'll tell my grief;
"Tho' much I fear my throbbing heart
"Will never find relief!

8.

“ My heart with ev’ry wish of love
“ For charming ANNA fraught,
“ I, lately, at th’ appointed hour,
“ The blooming virgin sought;

9.

“ Where, near the river’s murm’ring stream,
“ We used, at noon, to meet,
“ Beneath a cavern’s ample vault;
“ A cool and calm retreat!

10.

“ At length arrived the beauteous maid,
“ But eyed me with disdain;
“ Her anger to appease I strove,
“ But strove, alas! in vain.

11.

“ Her, with a Lover’s tears, I pray’d,
“ To tell me mine offence,
“ But, with a cruel smile, she chose
“ To rack me with suspense.

10

12.

“ I prostrate fell before her feet,
“ And, as in tears I lay,
“ She fled, nor e’er would see my face,
“ From that unhappy day!

13.

“ Oh, Stranger! sooth a Lover’s pain,
“ By thy foreknowing power;
“ For thou canst tell what fiend accurst,
“ Frown’d on that fatal hour.

14.

“ Ah! tell me, may I hope to live,
“ Or am I doom’d to die?”
The GIPSY, gazing on the youth,
Thus answer’d with a sigh,

15.

“ I pity, and will ease, thy pain.
“ To me the cause is known.
“ Her anger and thy grief arose
“ From thee, and thee alone.

11

16.

“ When, lately, in the rural dance,
“ Young MARY swoon’d away,
“ Into thy circling arms she fell,
“ And in thy bosom lay.

17.

“ Unmindful of thy ANNA, then,
“ She’s left by thee, to lead
“ A happy rival to her home,
“ From off the sportive mead.

18.

“ Thy Fair-one bathed her couch with tears,
“ Deprived of balmy rest,
“ For jealousy, with killing pangs,
“ Disturbed her wayward breast.

19.

“ Next morn her friend, young EMMA, came
“ And fann’d the kindling fire;
“ She mark’d that on the maid you gazed
“ With eyes of fond desire.

20.

" Now she has dropt the cheering hope

" Of calling thee her own."

The youth with horror turn'd his head,

And utter'd with a groan—

21.

" Can MARY think her Swain untrue?

" And will she ne'er relent?

" Ah! yes—if at her feet I fall,

" The maid will sure repent.

22.

" If not—before her I'll expire,

" Reproach her with the deed,

" And know if she can drop a tear,

" To see her True-love bleed."

23.

He rose, with horror on his brow,

And fury in his eye;

Resolv'd to seek the cruel Fair,

And in her sight to die.

24.

The GIPSY started from her seat,
 And threw off her disguise;
 When, bathed in tears, his ANNA stood
 Before his wond'ring eyes.

25.

"Come to my arms, thou injur'd youth!
 "Thy ANNA's kind," she cried,
 "Forgive my cruelty, forgive!
 "For now thy love I've tried."

26.

WILLIAM, to joy restored, exclaim'd,
 "My ANNA! I forgive;
 "Thou call'st me from the arms of Death,
 "Within thine own to live!"

EDMUND AND LAURA.

1.

GREY Eve had veiled the face of Day,
 And ev'ry breeze was still;
 The Moon, 'mid silvery clouds enthroned,
 O'erlook'd the eastern hill:

2.

When LAURA, with a tear-ful eye,
 Enter'd the mantling grove,
 Where, oft, her EDMUND she had met,
 And heard his vows of love.

3.

With anguish torn, she beat her breast,¹
 That heaved with doleful sighs,
 And, to the silent Queen of Night,
 Upraised her wat'ry eyes.

4.

" Here, erst," she cried, " I met my Love,
 " Directed by thy ray;
 " But, now, alas! from LAURA's arms,
 " Her Soldier's far away!

5.

" Long since he promis'd to return;
 " Say what his feet retains;
 " For thou behold'st the youth, or near,
 " Or far, on distant plains.

6.

" With pain the signal he obey'd,
 " When loud the trumpet blew;
 " And EDMUND sure will ne'er forsake
 " The maid he loves so true!

7.

" Oft would he, on his foaming steed,
 " Come prancing, at this hour;
 " And tell me all his feats of arms,
 " In yonder arching bower.

8.

" Ah! may he not, amid the fight,
 " Have met a cruel death?
 " Forbid it, Heav'n! the thought alone,
 " Would make me yield my breath!

9.

" Hist!—Hear I not a distant sound,
 " Borne on the fleeting breeze?
 " 'Tis louder than when rustling leaves
 " Hang shiv'ring on the trees.

10.

" 'Tis he!—I hear the rattling stones
 " Spurn'd by his horse's feet,
 " He comes! with winged speed he comes!
 " His LAURA dear to meet!"

11.

The horseman furious spurs his steed,
 As woeful sable black;
 He sudden stops before the maid,
 And springs from off his back.

17

12.

“ Ah! EDMUND! I have waited long,

“ Have sorely wept,” she cried,

“ But why so silent to your Love?

“ Why strive your face to hide?

13.

“ Ah! tell me why this sable cloak

“ Conceals your lovely face?

“ Oh! throw aside the gloomy veil,

“ And fly to my embrace!”

14.

The youth draws nearer to the maid;

And to her bending low,

Thus whispers in her list'ning ear,

In accents soft and slow :

15.

“ Dear LAURA! instant mount my steed,

“ And trust thee to my guide;

“ The time is short, the journey long,

“ O'er wilds and deserts wide.”

C

18.

16.

Thro' fear unable to reply,
The virgin mounts behind;
The steed he spurs, his coal-black steed
Flies faster than the wind.

17.

O'er hills and dales he gallops on;
O'er roaring torrents leaps;
And onward straight his way pursues,
But still dead silence keeps.

18.

A distant plain, she thought, o'erspread
With flocks of snowy white,
But, as she nearer to it drew,
A camp appear'd in sight.

19.

Now, near the Sentinels arriv'd,
With greater speed he flies;
And, tho' with threats they bid him halt,
He disregards their cries.

19

20.

Beyond the camp the virgin saw
A light, that gleam'd around,
And there, as swift the horseman turn'd,
A throng of soldiers found.

21.

The youth, still silent, waves his hand;
The gazing croud give way:
Amid the throng he stops;—the maid
Looks round and feels dismay.

22.

A soldier, kneeling on the ground,
Now caught the virgin's eye,
At whom a troop took deadly aim:
A wretch condemn'd to die!

23.

The youth, in air resign'd, to Heav'n
Upris'd his drooping head,
And breathing out a fervent prayer,
Prepar'd to join the dead.

C 2

24.

The maid then thought she heard the youth
 Repeat, at times, her name;
 She stedfast gaz'd, and in him saw
 The object of her flame!

25.

She sprung from off the coal-black steed,
 And clasp'd him to her breast;
 The horseman threw aside his cloak,
 And thus the croud address'd:

26.

“ Regard those wounds, that, trickling, glow,
 “ Tho’ from an empty shade;
 “ Mark on my breast the gory gash,
 “ Where plung’d the traitrous blade!

27.

“ For me was EDMUND doom’d to die;
 “ ’Twas thought he took my life:
 “ No—no—mistaken men, ’tis false!
 “ I fell not by his knife.

21

28.

“ He heard my voice of woe, and came,
“ Assistance to afford;
“ For, mercy from the thief that fled,
“ In vain my lips implor’d.

29.

“ For him, who dealt this blow, and fled,
“ Ye seiz’d this guiltless youth;
“ Whilst me inhuman Death deny’d
“ To witness to his truth!

30.

“ But, now, at Heav’n’s command, I come,
“ The murderer to declare;
“ Unite a virgin to her love,
“ And bless the happy pair.

31.

“ The wretch is here whose hand accurst,
“ In secret did the deed;
“ And one of those whose tubes were aim’d,
“ To make the guiltless bleed!”

C 3

32.

He sprung to ground, the culprit seiz'd,
Who try'd, in vain, to fly;
He plac'd him on his steed, and flew
Swift thro' the thund'ring sky!



EDWARD AND EMMA.

1.

THE moon, half veil'd in white-edg'd clouds,
Shines pale with borrow'd light;
The Villager now sees, in sleep,
The visions of the night.

2.

Along the church-yard's winding path,
Young EDWARD bends his way,
Where bodies, in the grave entomb'd,
Rest 'till the Judgment Day.

3.

The mournful yews, in lengthen'd rows,
Spread a deep gloom around;
Beneath the verdant vault, his steps,
In long-drawn echoes sound.

4.

The bat, in circles o'er his head,
 On leathern pinion flits,
 What time, 'tis said, the wailing ghost
 His narrow mansion quits.

5.

With heart undaunted he proceeds,
 To where, amid the skies,
 The spire erects his tow'ring head,
 And winds and storms defies.

6.

He enters, now, the arching porch
 Before the massy door;
 And, leaning on an urn of death,
 Views the rude-sculptur'd floor.

7.

"Till the dread hour of midnight sound,
 "Here," he exclaims, "I stay;
 "It is my EMMA's strong command,
 "And her will I obey.

8.

“ At length the maid has heard my prayer,
 “ And granted my request:
 “ To-morrow I may call her mine,
 “ And with her hand be bless’d.

9.

“ What joy I felt when thus she cried,”
 ‘ I know my Swain is true:
 ‘ Soon, EDWARD, will I leave my home,
 ‘ And live, and die with you!

10.

‘ Oft have I, by repeated proofs,
 ‘ Your love, my EDWARD! tried,
 ‘ And if your courage be as strong,
 ‘ Yourself shall now decide.

11.

‘ Midsummer’s awful eve is near,
 ‘ When those, whose hearts are bold,
 ‘ Assemble at the great church-door,
 ‘ And Fate’s designs behold.

12.

- ‘ There, thro’ the key-hole as they gaze,
- ‘ At midnight hour, the eye
- ‘ Sees the poor wretches walk the aisle,
- ‘ Who in the year will die.

13.

- ‘ My dearest EDWARD! thither go,
- ‘ If you the sight can have;
- ‘ Tell me, if I your nuptial bed
- ‘ Shall tenant, or the grave.

14.

- ‘ Why should I wed, if soon I’m doom’d
- ‘ My swain behind to leave;
- ‘ Reclining daily o’er my tomb,
- ‘ For all he lov’d to grieve?

15.

- ‘ Encircled in each other’s arms,
- ‘ Long may we both be blest;
- ‘ And not before the days of age
- ‘ Retire to endless rest!’

16.

Now thro' the sacred pile resounds
 The long, last hour of night;
 To the large key-hole bends the youth,
 And thro' it guides his sight.

17.

Thro' painted windows shines the moon,
 And pours her beams around;
 He hears, re-echoing thro' the aisles,
 An awful, rustling sound.

18.

Instant he sees a numerous train,
 Approach in solemn pace,
 A sable shroud surrounds each limb,
 And pale is ev'ry face!

19.

He watch'd; and, ere to aisles remote,
 The spectres slow withdrew,
 Most, if not all, the horrid train,
 The youth, with sorrow, knew.

28

20.

Some doom'd in manhood's prime to fall;
Some in the pride of charms;
And mothers, with their lovely babes
Reposing in their arms!

21.

The feeble forms of hoary age
Pass on with tott'ring knees:
A cold sweat bathes his stiff'ning limbs,
When, last, himself he sees!

22.

Another EDWARD meets his eye,
And ends the horrid train!
His breath is stopp'd, his eyes are fix'd,
His bosom throbs with pain:

23.

His locks are stiffen'd with affright,
His breast distends with sighs,
Scarce can his limbs support him home,
He enters, falls, and dies!

ADOLWIC

AND

CLUTHA.

1.

FAIR as the lilies of the vale
He cull'd her hair to braid,
Was she whom young ADOLWIC lov'd;
CLUTHA, the druid-maid.

2.

Whilst, at the hour of prayer, her thoughts
To Heav'n, enraptur'd, soar'd,
He knelt, and, gazing on her charms,
His God thro' her ador'd.

3.

Before the Druid-Chief, her sire,
The youth a suppliant bent;
Besought him to unite their hands,
And gain'd his warm consent.

4.

The day, design'd their vows to crown,
 With charms unwonted rose;
 Nor less adorn'd the early maid,
 Forsook her short repose.

5.

Enrob'd in white, the oak-crown'd bards,
 Their harps symphonious strung,
 And, to the altar pacing slow,
 A hymn in concert sung.

6.

The happy Lovers join'd the choir,
 Their blending voices rais'd,
 And, with a holy zeal inspir'd,
 Their great Creator prais'd.

7.

Then to the youth the Druid-priest
 Approach'd the Maid, and cry'd,
 "ADOLWIC! in my duteous child,
 " Behold thy future bride.

8.

“ Chaste and unsullied as the snow,
 “ This Maid to thee I give;
 “ And may she ever, pure as now,
 “ For thee, her husband, live!

9.

“ But, CLUTHA! prove, thyself, my child,
 “ What I as true declare;
 “ That thou thy virgin vows hast kept,
 “ Before this altar swear.”

10.

The blushing Maid her knee to earth,
 With speed submissive bent;
 When OSRED fell before her sire,
 His breast with anguish rent.

11.

“ Lest Heav’n the perjur’d Maid should blast,
 “ With guilt-avenging fire,
 “ I here,” he cry’d, “ my crime confess,
 “ And dare thy pow’rful ire.

12.

" I swear by Woden's mighty arm,
 " And all the Powers above,
 " That CLUTHA, in my circling arms,
 " Has yielded to my love."

13.

The Sage, in silence, threw his eyes
 Full on his daughter's face,
 Whilst, swift, ADOLWIC, red with ire,
 Flew to the Maid's embrace.

14.

Then, turning to the prostrate youth,
 He knit his wrathful brows,
 And cried, " Base wreth! 'tis false, the Maid
 " Is faithful to her vows.

15.

" For this, my vengeful blade shall cause
 " Thy recreant blood to flow."
 His falchion from his side he drew,
 And rush'd to deal the blow.

16.

The Druid to ADOLWIC sprung;
 His arm uplifted stay'd;
 And, bidding him his rage suppress,
 His voice the youth obey'd.

17.

By love and pangs parental cross'd,
 The wretched Father cry'd,
 "What! can my CLUTHA be despoil'd
 "Of every virgin's pride?

18.

"Yet ne'er have OSRED's lips been known
 "To utter words of guile;
 "And why should he, when innocent,
 "Himself for crimes revile?

19.

"Haste, then, let Heav'n alone decide;
 "The ordeal swift prepare:
 "And may her footsteps pass unhurt,
 "O'er each recumbent share!

20.

“Then, OSRED! if thy guilt be prov’d,
 “Know, thee I doom to die.”
 “With joy thy sentence I’ll abide.”
 Was OSRED’s stern reply.

21.

Unequal on the plain were rang’d,
 Nine plough-shares, red with heat,
 Between them (thus Experience taught)
 None step’d but virtuous feet.

22.

A bandage o’er the victim’s eyes,
 Her sad companions ty’d;
 The youth with anguish tore his hair,
 But CLUTHA never sigh’d.

23.

With graceful mien and steady pace,
 O’er one, unhurt, she pass’d;
 Her tender foot, unsandal’d, step’d,
 In safety, o’er the last.

24

With shouts, by rapt'rous joy inspir'd,
 The Druids rent the air;
 And swift the youth, to life restor'd,
 Flew to the spotless Fair.

25

He from her eyes the veil unbound,
 And, to compleat his bliss,
 Threw o'er her neck his circling arms,
 And snatch'd a hasty kiss!

26.

Link'd hand in hand, before the sage,
 They knelt in dutious guise,
 Who bless'd them with a parent's warmth,
 Whilst tears bedew'd his eyes.

27.

"Receive, ADOLWIC! from my hands,
 "In all the bloom of youth,
 "Her, who before Heav'n's face has prov'd
 "Her innocence and truth."

28.

He ended; rais'd the happy pair,
 And, turning fiercely round,
 Thus cried, "The perjur'd OSRED bind,
 " And stake him to the ground.

29.

" Around the wretch pile high the wood,
 " And set the mass on fire;
 " So shall the culprit, for his crimes,
 " In torturing flames expire."

30.

Before her sire the virgin fell;
 Her arms embrac'd his knee:
 " Oh! give," she cry'd, "the wretched youth
 " His life and liberty!"

31.

He paus'd, and thus at length reply'd,
 " I grant thy earnest prayer,
 " Yet none but such a heart as thine,
 " His forfeit life would spare."

. 32.

As CLUTHA rose, her blooming cheek
 A grateful tear o'erflow'd;
 And, stronger, in ADOLWIC's eye,
 The beam of rapture glow'd.

. 33.

"No longer can I," OSRED cry'd,
 "The fatal truth conceal;
 "Me conscience bids, to ease my soul,
 "My fell intent reveal.

. 34.

"Long have I lov'd the beauteous maid,
 "And sigh'd, alas! in vain;
 "For, deaf to all my pray'rs and vows,
 "She ne'er would ease my pain.

35.

"Mad with despair to see the maid
 "Become my rival's wife,
 "I dar'd her falsely to accuse:—
 "I lov'd e'en more than life.

36.

"By this, I hop'd the youth would spurn

"To wed a faithless fair;

"And I, to heal the wound I gave,

"The Virgin's hand should share.

37.

"Tho' CLUTHA's pardon I possess,

"And thou, too, bidst me live;

"Tho' e'en my rival sways his ire,

"I can't myself forgive."

38.

Thus said, he instant drew his steel,

And plung'd it in his side.

He fell, and, writhing with the pain,

Groan'd out a curse, and died.

HORATIO
AND
SABINA.

1.

WHILST softly gleam'd the lunar ray,
 SABINA sought the wood,
 Where, lone and mould'ring with decay,
 An ancient abbey stood.

2.

There she HORATIO wont to meet,
 Who oft before her knelt,
 And, whilst his heart with rapture beat,
 Describ'd the joys he felt.

3.

The arch she enters, looks around,
 And sees no youth is near;
 She cries, whilst loud the vaults resound,
 " Waits my HORATIO here?"

D 4

Whene'er

4.

" Whene'er for me HORATIO stay'd,
" His seat was yon smooth stone;
" Why leaves he thus his faithful maid,
" Unguarded here alone?

5.

" To ev'ry other object blind,
" But him, when he was nigh,
" Till now I ne'er recall'd to mind,
" The dead entomb'd here lie!

6.

" My search for him, amid this gloom,
" No more will I renew;
" But swift away, lest, from the tomb,
" A Ghost should meet my view.

7.

" Oh! Heav'ns! his step at last I hear;
" My patience is repaid.
" HORATIO! say, and ease my fear,
" Why thou so long hast stay'd?"

8.

Ere he replies, a rustling sound
 The trembling maid appalls,
 Who grasps her lov'd HORATIO round,
 Exclaims—"A Ghost!"—and falls.

9.

HORATIO, turning, look'd behind;
 Beheld the phantom near;
 Round the faint maid his arms entwin'd,
 And o'er her drop'd a tear.

10.

He rais'd her, deadly pale, with speed,
 And bath'd her cheek anew;
 Nor seem'd the airy form to heed,
 That nearer to him drew.

11.

His face, enwrap't in gloom profound,
 A sable cowl half veil'd;
 And, slowly waving on the ground,
 His robe monastic trail'd.

12.

His steps he stay'd, rais'd high his hand,
 And thus the Youth address'd:
 "To thee I come by Heav'n's command,
 "And bear his dread behest.

13.

"For ages have I slept, inurn'd
 "Within the silent tomb;
 "But now am back to earth return'd,
 "To warn thee of thy doom.

14.

"Fate has decreed SABINA's charms
 "Are never to be thine.
 "Haste, then, to ROBERT's happier arms,
 "His destin'd bride resign.

15.

"Obey! or else with me prepare
 "To mingle with the dead!
 "A gloomy grave shall be thy share,
 "And not a nuptial bed."

16.

"Thine art is vain," HORATIO cried,

"Thy rival form I know;

"Before the maid becomes thy bride,

"My blood, by thee, must flow.

17.

"But Heav'n, thou'lt find, preserves my life,

"To give thy guilt its due."

His left hand held his destin'd wife,

His right the falchion drew.

18.

Swift the false phantom doff'd his vest,

His arms at ease to ply;

When ROBERT, furious, stood confess'd,

And rear'd his blade on high.

19.

With horrid bray their weapons clash;

And, at each deadly blow,

Around the vault the lightnings flash,

And fiery sparkles glow.

20.

HORATIO, with his blood-stain'd sword,
 Guards her so near his heart,
 Who, by the din, to life restor'd,
 Strives the fierce foes to part.

21.

Soon, writhing with a mortal wound,
 His rage the wretch forbore,
 And, falling feeble on the ground,
 Lay welt'ring in his gore.

22.

With joy HORATIO, to his breast,
 Th' astonish'd virgin strain'd;
 And of the strife, at her request,
 The reason thus explain'd:

23.

"This eve, as here in haste I ran,
 "To lay me at thy feet;
 "Slow pacing near the path, a man
 "I chanc'd, my Love, to meet.

24.

" Aloud he call'd me by my name;
 " No more my way I sped:
 " To me with hasty steps he came,
 " And thus impatient said:

25.

' Go not to yon lone pile this eve,
 ' And thus from danger fly;
 ' For if mine honor thou'lt believe,
 ' There thou may'st chance to die.

26.

' Of ROBERT's base and dark design,
 ' Forewarn'd by me, beware!
 ' Seek not how this my lips divine—
 ' To follow me forbear.'

27.

" He, as in horror rapt; I paus'd,
 " In haste pursu'd his way;
 " And this it was, my Love! that caus'd
 " My long unmeant delay."

28.

Then faintly cry'd the prostrate youth,

" True are thy words I own:

" Oh! that this sacrifice to truth,

" Could for my crime atone!

29.

" Oh! pardon me, thou injur'd pair!

" And ease, in part, my death!"

But ere they could consent declare,

He yielded up his breath.

AFRICAN.

1.

ON Afric's shores, a Virgin's eye
 Prefers, to snowy white,
 Her youthful Lover's darker dye,
 Black as the robe of Night.

2.

He most is sure her heart to share,
 Who beasts of prey pursues;
 And, cleaving with his shaft the air,
 Its barb in blood imbrues.

3.

When SELI pois'd the ebon dart,
 Or strain'd the twanging bow,
 Each maid that saw him felt a smart
 More poignant than his blow.

4.

Tho' none of all, who so aspir'd,
 Could move his stubborn breast,
 ZENA, by no ambition fir'd,
 His heart with love impress'd.

5.

Tho' far from her abode he dwelt,
 He oft her presence sought;
 Before the maid enamour'd knelt,
 And breath'd his ev'ry thought.

6.

Once, when the beam of parting day
 Illum'd the western tide,
 A fawn he chac'd, a timid prey!
 And pierc'd its panting side.

7.

Swift, loaded with his bleeding spoil,
 He flew his Love to greet,
 And lay the guerdon of his toil,
 Triumphant at her feet.

8.

At last, high tow'ring in the skies,
 The mountain he espy'd,
 At whose broad base the cottage lies,
 Of her he wish'd his bride.

9.

But as he nearer to it drew,
 He saw its lofty head
 Crested with clouds of dusky hue,
 Deep ting'd with fiery red.

10.

His fancy painted to his eye,
 Perch'd on the tow'ring height,
 Tornado, tyrant of the sky,
 Prepar'd to wing his flight.

11.

To save his threaten'd Love he sped,
 Lest with terrific sound,
 The storm should burst above her shed,
 And hurl its ruins round.

12.

When nearer to the spot he came,
He hear'd his ZENA's cries;
Beheld her cane-built cottage flame,
And clouds of smoke arise.

13.

'Twas kindled by a mortal's hand,
Who dar'd the ocean's wave,
To make, within his native land,
A fellow man his slave!

14.

Still greater woes his breast alarms,
He sees his lovely maid
Encircled in a stranger's arms,
And loud imploring aid.

15.

An eager look she wildly throws,
Despairing, on the ground,
Where lay her Sire, in Death's repose,
Transfix'd with many a wound.

16.

But from the spot the villains tore
 The weeping maid away;
 To bear her to the neighb'ring shore,
 A weak, defenceless pray.

17.

For, near a cliff's projecting base,
 A vessel rode the waves,
 With Britons mann'd, a free-born race,
 Who make their fellows slaves!

18.

Thus Heav'n the Youth with zeal address'd,
 "Oh! fight on Virtue's side,
 "And, to the villain's ruthless breast,
 "My vengeful weapon guide!"

19.

An arrow from his belt he drew,
 And strain'd the yielding bow;
 With winged speed the weapon flew—
 But ZENA felt the blow!

20.

The stranger thought an hostile train
 In secret ambush lay;
 And, flying swiftly o'er the plain,
 Forsook his bleeding prey.

21.

The Indian ran, with falt'ring pace,
 His wounded Love to aid;
 And, gazing wildly on her face,
 Thus, sad, address'd the maid:

22.

" Ah! once more, ZENA! ope thine eye,
 " A murd'rer's form to view.
 " No—view not SELI, Love! for I
 " The fatal weapon threw."

23.

His ZENA heard the welcome sound,
 And seem'd from sleep to wake;
 Then, gently rising from the ground,
 In trembling accents spake.

24.

" Weep not, my SELI! I forgive
 " The random blow you gave.
 " 'Tis better, sure, to die, than live
 " Remote from you, a slave!

25.

" I, by thine arm, again am free;
 " And, if I know thy love,
 " Thou soon wilt haste to follow me,
 " To realms of bliss above.

26.

" Here lies my sire!—Thy ZENA bear,
 " And lay her by his side,
 " Who rear'd me with parental care,
 " And for my safety died."

27.

She sigh'd, and fell to endless rest:
 He, with a deadly groan,
 Pluck'd the curst weapon from her breast,
 And plung'd it in his own.

THE
TRAVELLER.

1.

A Weary Trav'ler lost his way,
Bewilder'd mid the shades of night;
At length, a faint and glimm'ring ray,
Amidst a forest, bless'd his sight.

2.

With hasty feet, the welcome guide,
Through thorns and thickets he pursu'd;
And hollow'd in a mountain's side,
A cave, which it illumin'd, view'd.

3.

A Hermit, with a heav'n-ward eye,
Lean'd, pensive, on a thumb-worn book;
A wooden crucifix was nigh,
Lodg'd in a rudely sculptur'd nook.

4.

“Hail, Hermit! hail!” the Traveller cried,
 “A wand’rer, who has lost his way,
 “In journeying o’er the desert wide,
 “The night with thee intreats to stay.”

5.

“Yes, Stranger! share my rushy bed,
 “Where oft his limbs the Pilgrim throws;
 “There may’st thou lay thy weary head,
 “T’ enjoy an undisturb’d repose.”

6.

The Hermit ceas’d; before his guest
 Spread the repast the plains afford,
 And Heav’n, with hands uplifted, bless’d
 The Giver of his frugal board.

7.

They talk’d, as round the hearth they sat,
 On serious subjects, and on gay;
 And thus, in varied harmless chat,
 The hours, unheeded, pass’d away.

8.

The Traveller beg'd him to relate,
 Why, thus, from all he liv'd retir'd,
 Since in this sublunary state,
 A man the aid of man requir'd.

9.

Him thus the Hermit sad address'd,
 Whilst tears stood trembling in his eye,
 " I view thee as my friend and guest,
 " And on thine honour will rely.

10.

" I'm not a Hermit full of years,
 " Or envious scorner of mankind,
 " But a poor youth, worn weak with tears,
 " To Fate's decrees at last resign'd.

11.

" A maid I lov'd, whose father chose
 " To hear a wealthy rival's pray'r;
 " Tho' perhaps not even yet he knows
 " That I alone had won the fair.

12.

" For we, in secret, pledg'd our love,
 " Beneath an arbour's arching boughs;
 " And call'd upon the Powers above,
 " To witness our unalter'd vows.

13.

" My rival, who our passion knew,
 " Once, as I ran my Love to meet,
 " Sprung on me arm'd; my sword I drew,
 " And laid him prostrate at my feet.

14.

" My woes, my terrors to relate,
 " Instant I hasten'd to the fair,
 " Who, anxious for my future fate,
 " Resolv'd my ev'ry pain to share.

15.

" Me, to accept her proffer'd hand,
 " I think I see her now implore:
 " A priest soon ty'd the nuptial band,
 " Our faithful hearts were join'd before.

16.

" Lest I should suffer for my crime,
 " My country was I forc'd to leave,
 " And journey to a foreign clime,
 " Unpitied and unknown to grieve.

17.

" I wander'd till I found this cave;
 " Resolv'd, since all my hopes were flown,
 " Here, in disguise, my life to save,
 " And live unpitied and unknown.

18.

" Here she, in joys and sorrows mild,
 " Repines not tho' my woes she shares;
 " And her the Pilgrim thinks my child,
 " As o'er those wilds at times he fares."

19.

" Lead here the fair!" exclaim'd his Guest,
 " The inner cave he willing sought,
 " Whence, yielding to her Lord's request,
 " His spouse, th' enraptur'd Husband brought.

20.

Now, gazing on the Stranger's face,
 " My Father! Heav'ns!" she wildly cries—
 The Traveller, swift, to her embrace,
 In transport great, tho' silent, flies.

21.

At length his words an utterance found,
 And thus aloud his joy he told—
 "'Tis true! in him who clasps you round,
 " Your father you again behold.

22.

" Though since your speedy, secret flight,
 " In sorrow have I pass'd my days,
 " Yet now your unexpected sight,
 " Me for my tears too well repays.

23.

" Long may'st thou, virtuous youth! be bless'd
 " With all kind Heav'n can well bestow;
 " And let not conscience wound thy breast,
 " Thy rival still survives the blow.

24.

“ In solitude no longer mourn,
“ Nor more with her’s thy wailings blend;
“ But to thy native home return,
“ And with a smile thy sorrows end.”



DOMITIUS AND ISMENA.

1.

WHEN Rome her flaming war-bolts hurl'd;
 O'er distant realms her eagles sent;
 And kept in awe the prostrate world,
 Whilst kings enchain'd before her bent;

2.

DOMITIUS, of patricians born,
 Nurs'd, from his cradle, by Renown,
 Had on his brows the laurel worn,
 And gain'd, though young, the mural crown.

3.

A legion, owning his controul,
 With willing hearts their chief obey'd:
 Yet War possess'd not all his soul,
 But shar'd it with a beauteous maid.

4.

The fair ISMENA was his Love,
 Sweet as the rose but newly blown,
 Constant as Cytherea's dove,
 That perches on her Paphian throne.

5.

From the rude blast of Censure free,
 Guarded by Virtue's ægis-shield,
 She own'd the power of Sympathy,
 And follow'd to the martial field.

6.

DOMITIUS, when he sought his tent,
 His limbs, with toil fatigu'd, to rest,
 O'er her fair form enamour'd bent,
 Or slumber'd on her downy breast.

7.

Oft times his vigour to restore,
 And to relume his drooping fire,
 Her voice melodious would she pour,
 And loudly strike the sounding lyre.

8.

The warrior, clad in sword-scar'd steel,
 Became her slave her strains to hear,
 And oft before the maid would kneel,
 And drop of love the tender tear.

9.

One morn in haste the Virgin rose,
 Her throbbing heart with anguish rent,
 For dreams had harass'd her repose,
 And trembling sought her Lover's tent.

10.

Already round his ardent breast
 The studded steel with clasps was bound;
 From his right shoulder hung his vest,
 And waving trail'd along the ground.

11.

His sword was girded on his thigh,
 By his broad girdle, work'd with gold;
 As near she drew, his gazing eye
 With love and valour beaming, roll'd.

12.

His hand she seiz'd with anxious haste,
 While tears hung trembling from her eyes;
 The youth the weeping fair embrac'd,
 And ask'd the reason of her sighs.

13.

"DOMITIUS!" cried th' afflicted Maid,
 "Join not, this day, the doubtful fight;
 "For if you go, I'm sore afraid
 "You never more will bless my sight.

14.

"For, as I lay in sleep profound,
 "I heard, methought, Bellona cry,
 "Deep in his side inflict the wound:
 "The youth, this day, is doom'd to die."

15.

"Fear not, sweet Maid!" the Roman cry'd,
 "Why wish me, now, from fight to stay?
 "Oft have you on my strength rely'd;
 "Then why, ISMENA! doubt to day?"

16.

"The Warriors arm'd, in order stand;
 "My steeds are harness'd to my car:
 "Ne'er shall my name the Romans brand,
 "Or say I fear a martial scar.

17.

"If conqueror I return, I'll lay
 "My noblest trophy at thy feet.
 "Once more adieu! I must away,
 "My death or victory to meet."

18.

His tow'ring helmet, burnish'd bright,
 With nodding plumes of sable grac'd,
 (ISMENA shudder'd at the sight,)
 He on his head in triumph plac'd.

19.

Instant he sought the dusty plain;
 And soon the hapless Virgin hears,
 Of brazen trumps the martial strain,
 That serv'd but to encrease her fears.

20.

At length abreast four steeds advance,
 Across the plain she sees from far,
 That shake their manes, and neigh, and prance,
 And onward whirl a rattling car.

21.

Thick clouds of dust the wheels surround;
 She hears, at times, the whistling lash;
 The horses thunder on the ground,
 And, from their hoofs, red lightnings flash.

22.

Fast to the tent they bend their course,
 Rearing their heads aloft in air:
 The warrior pulls the reins with force,
 And checks their speed before the fair.

23.

As down he leaps from off his seat,
 Her Love she sees with wond'ring eyes,
 Who, falling prostrate at her feet,
 Looks up to Heav'n above, and cries:

24.

" Ye Gods! still guard the Roman name;
 " Thy heav'n-descended sons defend;
 " Enroll them in the lists of Fame,
 " And never let their glories end.

25.

" Our arms have vanquish'd the proud foe;
 " The toil of battle now is o'er;
 " On thee, ISMENA! I bestow
 " A sword the adverse chieftain wore.

26.

" But Heav'n the triumphs of the day,
 " Forbids me, Love! I fear to view;
 " I feel e'en now my strength decay;
 " Fast flows my blood—adieu! adieu!"

27.

His head to earth the Roman bow'd,
 And with a sigh resign'd his breath.
 Him she embrac'd, then shriek'd aloud,
 " I too will share the pangs of death."

28.

The trophy'd sword she instant drew,
And sheath'd it deep within her breast:
Her spirit to Elysium flew,
There ever with her Love to rest.



THE PILGRIM.

1.

WHAT time the * Hermit's holy zeal
Arous'd the christian world,
And hardy warriors, clad in steel,
The banner'd cross unfurl'd;

2.

JULIUS, mid Alpine vallies bred,
A youthful shepherd-swain,
For arms forsook his peaceful shed,
And sought the martial plain.

3.

Though LYDIA fair his heart possess'd,
And own'd a mutual flame;
Yet Valour kindled in his breast
The brighter fire of Fame.

* Peter of Amiens.

4.

The parting lovers sadly blend
 Their pray'rs to Heaven above,
 And promise, tho' remote, to send
 The written pledge of love.

5.

"To arms! to arms! ye sacred bands!"
 Religion loudly calls;
 "From Infidels' unhallow'd hands,
 "Oh! rescue * Salem's walls!"

6.

To Palestine the hosts proceed;
 Encamp on Salem's plain;
 And hope, as their immortal meed,
 The tomb of CHRIST to gain.

7.

There, hostile Turks, amid the sky,
 Their flying crescents toss;
 And, with the taunts of war, defy
 The legions of the Cross.

* Jerusalem.

There, JULIUS, in the raging fight,
 Renown so great acquir'd,
 That * Godfrey dubb'd the youth a knight,
 In splendid arms attir'd.

And now he joins the noble train,
 Whose swift-hoof'd coursers prance,
 In flying squadrons o'er the plain,
 And wields the brandish'd lance.

The Saracens, with wrath enrag'd,
 A sally made by night;
 And with their christian foes engag'd,
 Till morning gleam'd with light.

There JULIUS mid the battle's roar,
 Advanc'd before his band;
 And, when his falchion fell, the gore
 Imbru'd his dreadful hand.

* Godfrey of Bouillon.

12.

A Turkish chieffain caught his view,
 Within the conflict's heat;
 Before his sword the Christians flew,
 Or sought their fate to meet.

13.

To him he spurr'd his foaming steed,
 His steed as black as jet;
 The Saracen, with equal speed,
 The Knight undaunted met.

14.

They fix their lances in the rest;
 Their fiery coursers charge;
 The hauberks rattle on their breast,
 And sounds each batter'd targe.

15.

Vanquish'd at length by JULIUS' blows,
 The Chieftain falls to ground:
 But swift a croud of vengeful foes,
 The conquering Knight surround.

16.

Tho' numbers by his arm were slain,
 Still others urge the fight:
 Hemm'd in, alone, he found 'twere vain
 To turn his steed for flight.

17.

Faint with the loss of blood, and tir'd,
 He deign'd at length to yield;
 And, whilst his courage they admir'd,
 They bore him off the field.

18.

Immur'd, mid Salem's lofty tow'rs,
 Within a dungeon's gloom,
 He mark'd how slow the ling'ring hours,
 In sorrow spent, consume.

19.

There, whilst the moon, amid the spheres,
 Had oft revolv'd her course,
 He thought on her, for whom his tears
 Begem'd their living source.

20.

Oft on his absent Love he calls,
 And fears she doubts his flame;
 He lists, and hears the echoing walls
 Repeat his LYDIA's name.

21.

He curses now the hour when arms,
 And trumpets' marshal strains,
 First call'd him from his LYDIA's charms,
 And from his native plains.

22.

As thus he mourn'd, the prison-bars
 Recoil with grating sound;
 The door upon its hinges jars,
 The murky vaults rebound:

23.

Two forms approach'd—The first, who bore
 A lamp of glimm'ring light;
 The next, a Pilgrim's mantle wore,
 And thus address'd the Knight.

24.

"Christian! no more in sorrow mourn;

"My faithful counsel heed:

"Say, would you to the camp return?

"Then follow where I lead.

25.

"Who claims my thanks?" young JULIUS cried,

"Grant too this next desire!"

"In silence follow," he reply'd,

"Nor more, as yet, inquire."

26.

From out the gloomy vault they hied,

And pass'd the postern gate;

Then, having left their Turkish guide,

They trusted to their fate.

27.

Their silent steps thick shades surround,

The dew of midnight falls:

They pass beneath, but hear the sound

Of soldiers on the walls.

28.

Escap'd in safety from their foes,
 They still pursu'd their flight;
 Till o'er the spreading plain arose
 The morning's roseate light.

29.

Then thus, at JULIUS' strong request,
 The stranger told his tale:
 " In travelling from the distant west,
 " I pass'd your native vale.

30.

" There LYDIA I beheld, a fair
 " With whom few swains would part,
 " Who cried, ' this pledge of true-love bear
 " To him who won my heart."

31.

The Pilgrim to the Warrior's view,
 An oval box display'd;
 And, as he op'd it, JULIUS knew
 The portrait of the maid.

32.

"Thou beauteous Form!" the Lover cries,
 Whilst tears of rapture flow,
 "Thou still art mine, for in those eyes
 "Love's fervent light'nings glow."

33.

The Pilgrim utter'd, with a sigh,
 "Is this to thee so dear?
 "Oh! faithful JULIUS! turn thine eye,
 "Th' original is near."

34.

He turn'd: the stranger threw aside
 The cloak and mantling hood;
 And, smiling in her virgin pride,
 Before him LYDIA stood!

35.

He gaz'd with wildness on her charms,
 Nor could for wonder speak;
 Then clasp'd her in his twining arms,
 And kiss'd her blushing cheek.

36.

" Say, why you left your sweet abode?"

At length the Lover cried;

And as again they trod the road,

She, with a smile, replied;

37.

" When, JULIUS, you had left the spot

" Where we enraptur'd dwelt,

" With you, alas! forsook my cot,

" The joys till then I felt.

38.

" In woe I spent the joyless hours,

" And sigh'd, and wept alone:

" I sought our love-devoted bow'rs,

" But all their charms were flown.

39.

" No tidings from my JULIUS came,

" My anxious breast to cheer;

" And tho' I doubted not thy flame,

" I felt unwonted fear.

40.

" For thee I left my native plain,
 " With Pilgrim's staff in hand :
 " In this disguise I cross'd the main,
 " And reach'd the Holy Land.

41.

" Thee in the Christian camp I sought,
 " But sought, alas ! in vain ;
 " There learn'd with thee the Turks had fought,
 " And borne thee off the plain.

42.

" Perchance, I cried, with JULIUS' groan,
 " A prison now resounds ;
 " Or to the skies his soul has flown,
 " And left those earthly bounds.

43.

" What pains I suffer'd to suppress
 " The sighs that strove to rise !
 " And scarce could e'en a Pilgrim's dress
 " A simple maid disguise.

44.

" Whene'er the troops with pris'ners came,
 " Of them I ask'd thy fate;
 " But none, alas! e'er heard thy name,
 " Or could thy doom relate.

45.

" To muse, amid the calm of night,
 " On thee, I left my tent,
 " Whilst shone the moon with silver light,
 " Unheeding where I went.

46.

" Unconscious of the scene around,
 " O'er the dank grass I stray'd,
 " Till, of distress the piteous sound,
 " My startled footsteps stay'd.

47.

" I shudder'd, and with terror gaz'd
 " Around the moon-lit plain,
 " Where, clad in arms with gold emblaz'd,
 " Repos'd whole heaps of slain.

48.

" Fear-struck, I heard a shiv'ring sigh,
 " And, turning tow'rds the sound,
 " A Turkish warrior caught mine eye,
 " Half prostrate on the ground.

49.

" Gore trickled from his wounded side:
 " To aid the youth I flew;
 " And swift, to staunch his blood, apply'd
 " The little skill I knew.

50.

" Tho' with the toil of battle spent,
 " And furrow'd with the sword,
 " The weak but timely aid I lent,
 " The grateful Turk restor'd.

51.

" Oh! how my heart tumultuous thrill'd,
 " And beat against my breast,
 " When thus the Stranger's voice fulfill'd
 " My fond, my sole request!"

52.

‘ Yes! JULIUS lives; but, ah! confin’d
 ‘ Within the cell of woe;
 ‘ Where, on his bed of straw reclin’d,
 ‘ His tears incessant flow.

53.

‘ My sire commands th’ embattled place;
 ‘ To him my knee I’ll bend;
 ‘ Relate thy mercy, sue for grace,
 ‘ And free thy captive friend.

54.

‘ To-morrow, mid the shades of night,
 ‘ To SALEM’s walls repair:’—
 “ I went—There JULIUS bless’d my sight,
 “ And trusted to my care.”

55.

“ Adieu to battle!” JULIUS cry’d,
 “ I’ll seek my native plain;
 “ There dwell with thee, my blooming bride,
 “ And wear alone thy chain!”

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BERNARD

AND

MARTHA.

1.

ALAS! too oft, when Hymen's bands are ty'd,
 The sated pair forget their wonted fire:
 Yet lovely MARTHA, BERNARD's faithful bride,
 Still could his heart with raptur'd joy inspire.

2.

The infant pledges of their mutual flame,
 Awoke their feelings to the height of joy:
 Think what they felt to view, in sportive game,
 The puny champions wrestle for a toy.

3.

Rear'd by the milk of smiling Industry,
 No noble current fill'd their purple veins;
 Far happier they! for, ah! how oft we see
 The Great inheriting their fathers' pains!

4.

O'er the smooth green they ran the panting race,
 Or gather'd daisies, gem'd with orient dew;
 Whilst Health suffus'd her blushes o'er their face,
 And deck'd with smiles their eyes of azure hue.

5.

Ah! little thought they the parental tear
 Was oft in rapture, oft in sorrow shed;
 Not always could their lively frolics cheer
 The secret sigh, by mental anguish bred.

6.

For, tho' their father, with repeated toil,
 Had plough'd the earth, and shower'd the golden
 The raging tempest rooted from the soil, [grain,
 The waving ears that promis'd future gain.

7.

The haughty Owner of his humble cot,
 Fearing to lose an encrease to his store,
 With threats resolv'd to drive him from the spot,
 And thrust his infants starving from the door.

8.

Reflection painted to his haggard eyes,
 His wife resigning to her bitter fate,
 And orphan children with their piercing cries,
 Imploring food at Riot's niggard gate.

9.

His spouse had long observ'd his thoughtful air;
 And thus, at length, her anxious doubts express'd:
 "Hide not your pains, but let your MARTHA share
 "The inmost pangs that rend your heaving breast.

10.

"Once you were wont your secrets to impart
 "To one who ne'er as yet bely'd your trust;
 "Doubt not then now, the trial of a heart,
 "That you so oft have prais'd as true and just."

11.

"No!" BERNARD cry'd, "thy faith, thy worth I
 "I but lament from thee awhile to stray; [know,
 "For I at noontide to the city go,
 "Nor home return till morning brings the day.

12.

" Tho' Heav'n in anger sent the winged blast,
 " That spread my labours through the thund'ring
 " Yet has it deign'd to hear my pray'rs at last, [air,
 " And well reward with gold my daily care.

13.

" With this I haste t' encrease the splendid hoard
 " Of him from whom we hold our lowly shed:
 " Nor envy I his riches, whilst our board
 " Is with coarse viands by my MARTHA spread."

14.

He ending, clasp'd her with a warm embrace,
 And kiss'd away the tear that gem'd her eye:
 When her at length he left with ling'ring pace,
 She cry'd, " May Heav'n protect thee!" with a
 sigh.

15.

At eve her infants round the blazing fire,
 Forget their wonted mirth and harmless play;
 Ask in sweet murmurs for their absent sire,
 And wonder where so late his feet can stray.

16.

For, when the sun illum'd the western sea,
 Swift to his cot he hasten'd o'er the plain;
 And whilst his children listen'd on his knee,
 Amus'd with merry tales the smiling train.

17.

Oft times to lively airs he tun'd his reed;
 And MARTHA's voice was blended with the sound:
 He from each swain had borne away the meed,
 And oft her ringlets vanquish'd virgins crown'd.

18.

But now she sat in silence near the hearth,
 And wish'd the hours of night had flown away;
 That orient morn might smile upon the earth,
 And down the mountain lead the blushing day.

19.

For then she hop'd her circling arms to twine
 Around her husband with a matron pride:
 Thus with a fond embrace, the mantling vine
 Curles round the tow'ring elm, a loving bride.

20.

The sound of footsteps from without they hear:
 "Our father comes!" the starting children cry,
 And ope the door; but as they turn with fear,
 A youthful Soldier meets the Matron's eye.

21.

Grasp'd in his hand a bloody sword he bore;
 His other hand hung lifeless by his side,
 Bound in a kerchief, wet with crimson gore:
 And ent'ring, thus the pallid stranger cry'd.

22.

"In pity let me here a shelter find,
 "And rest my limbs, oppress'd with toil and pain;
 "For through the forest roars the bois'trous wind,
 "And danger lurks in midnight's shadowy train.

23.

"View not with fear the bloody drops that flow
 "Fast from the point of this still reeking blade;
 "My hand, alas! was forc'd to deal the blow,
 "And trembles at the slaughter it has made.

24.

" The mists of ev'ning roll'd along the ground,
 " When, through yon wood, I bent my lonely way;
 " Amid the trees, I heard a rustling sound,
 " As of a tyger prowling for his prey.

25.

" Tygers and eagles spare their kindred race,
 " And e'en the finny tyrants of the flood;
 " But men, who proudly claim a higher place,
 " Blush not to welter in their fellows' blood.

26.

" A wretch, infuriate, with uplifted knife,
 " Rush'd from his ambush with a sudden bound:
 " My sword I drew, and 'mid the doubtful strife,
 " My arm receiv'd a heart-directed wound.

27.

" With double rage I fall upon my foe,
 " Revenge and Justice both, my weapon guide;
 " Th' assassin saw, but could not shun the blow,
 " And groaning hollow, instant dropp'd and died."

28.

He ceas'd;—The Matron wip'd her streaming eyes,
 Rais'd them to Heav'n, and thus devoutly spake:
 "The watchful arm that rules above the skies,
 "Will not, when dangers threat, the good forsake.

29.

"Here Nature o'er each vale and breezy hill,
 "Has kindly spread her vegetable store;
 "Oh! let me then exert my little skill,
 "And try your former vigour to restore.

30.

"Oft times by Heav'n's assistance, have I heal'd
 "My husband, wounded by the pointed thorn,
 "Or bending sickle in the sunny field,
 "When with stretch'd arm he reap'd the golden
 corn.

31.

"No longer, hapless youth! your wounds conceal,
 "My weak assistance may remove your pain,
 "Repair the ravage of the murd'rer's steel,
 "And knit your arm with native strength again."

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32.

The soldier smil'd; the bandage swift unty'd;
 And threw his doublet careless on the ground:
 His fair Physician wept as she espy'd,
 Deep in his arm, a bloody—gaping wound.

33.

Whilst she the balm apply'd, with curious eye,
 The children view the coat and shining lace;
 Admire the splendour of the scarlet dye,
 Whilst smiling dimples wanton in their face.

34.

Now, bolder grown, they lift it from the ground,
 And from the pocket falls a bloody knife:
 The soldier turning at the sudden sound,
 Exclaims—"With that he aim'd to take my life!"

35.

"O God! my Husband!"—MARTHA, wildly cry'd,
 "His frenzy'd hand, alas! has dealt the blow:
 "With thy red gore his fatal blade is dy'd,
 "And on thy sword my BERNARD's blood-drops
 flow!"

36.

With viewless stare she roll'd her wide-op'd eyes,
 Then sunk convulsive to eternal rest;
 The helpless Orphans rais'd their infant cries,
 And fell, affrighted, on their Mother's breast.

37.

The soldier view'd them with a piteous eye;
 Clasp'd them with fervour to his manly heart;
 And thus address'd them with a broken sigh,
 That shew'd unfeign'd his bosom's poignant smart.

38.

"No tender Mother hears your shrieks of woe;
 "No Father hastes, alas! your grief to share:
 "But I, who dealt to both the luckless blow,
 "Will strive to rear you with a father's care."

TALES.

TABLES

I
A
B
A
B
T
M
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B
T
T
I
A
V
T
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B
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RURAL SISTERS.

A FAIRY TALE.

IMBOSOM'D in a shady wood
 And shelter'd vale, a cottage stood;
 Before it was a winding road,
 And near a murm'ring river flow'd.
 Beneath its roof an aged pair, 5
 Two daughters rear'd with tender care.
 MIRA, their eldest born they stiled,
 Their fav'rite, and their darling child,
 Because, as other parents do, *
 They lik'd to have before their view, 10
 The fairest of their infant train,
 In pref'rence to the good but plain.
 And she, 'tis true, each charm possess'd,
 With which a female e'er was bless'd.
 Tho' Nature to her form was kind, 15
 She fill'd with pride her wayward mind.
 By all the outward charms are seen;
 Alas! we cannot look within!

Tho' FLORA's face no charms display'd,
 (For thus was call'd the youngest maid) 20
 Yet might you there with ease survey,
 Of Virtue the serenest ray.
 Her eye with meek contentment glow'd,
 And oft with tears of Pity flow'd.
 Poor FLORA was constrain'd to go, 25
 Thro' frost, or rain, or wind, or snow,
 And at the hour of eve, to lead
 Her flock to fold from off the mead;
 And twice a day she sought the plain,
 Of luscious streams the cows to drain. 30

Her Parents thought that hardy toil,
 Her sister's snowy hands would spoil.
 She seldom trod the verdant ground,
 Unless within the garden's bound;
 There to select, with anxious care, 35
 The sweetest flowers to deck her hair:
 Or, on her milk-white breast to lie,
 And wave responsive to her sigh.
 For tenderness the virgin knew,
 Oft brings neglected charms to view: 40
 And, ah! how oft a gentle sigh,
 Or tear-drop trembling in the eye,

Have lent a Beauty brighter charms,
And lur'd a Lover to her arms!

But when the sportive village train, 45
Assembled, joyful on the plain,
The ever-changing dance to lead,
Upon the smoothly shaven mead,
Then MIRA, negligently drest,
With tripping feet the verdure press'd: 50
And whilst with wilely-practis'd arts,
She fires the silly rustics' hearts,
Her own secure and free remains,
Nor pities their despairing pains.

O'er dewy lawns, with early tread, 55
And milk-pail balanc'd on her head,
Once, FLORA her abode resought,
And cheerly sung, by Nature taught,
As to her lowly cot she hied,
A female beggar she espy'd, 60
Beneath a hawthorn hedge reclin'd,
That barely screen'd her from the wind.
A red and ragged cloak she wore;
The locks that hid her brow were hoar;

Her eyes with rheumy moisture fill'd, 65
 The bitter drops of woe distill'd,
 And glimmer'd with the horrid glare
 Of anguish, hunger, and despair.
 The virgin felt her bosom glow
 With pity at this sight of woe; 70
 And thus the sympathy express'd,
 That throbb'd within her aching breast:—
 "Cease, hapless Stranger! to complain,
 "For sorrow will increase your pain.
 "Of thirst if you have felt the rage, 75
 "That can my flowing pail assuage;
 "Drink, and no more your sorrows mourn,
 "But wait till I with haste return."
 The wretch her parching lips apply'd,
 And greedy quaff'd the luscious tide: 80
 Whilst swift the virgin left the spot,
 And hasten'd to her native cot,
 Whence, with a lib'ral hand she bore,
 Of fruit and cakes a plenteous store.
 The Beggar's tears no longer flow'd; 85
 Her cheek with grateful fervor glow'd;
 And smiling as her eyes she dry'd,
 Thus to the list'ning virgin cry'd:—

" In trav'ling have I spent the night,
 " Conducted by the moon's pale light, 90
 " Save when her placid face she veil'd,
 " By rain and stormy clouds assail'd ;
 " Then through the woods I grop'd my way,
 " And waited for the dawn of day ;
 " At length I saw the sun arise, 95
 " And pour his splendour o'er the skies :
 " The sight, though all my limbs were tir'd,
 " With joy and hope my heart inspir'd :
 " Though weak, I still my path pursu'd,
 " And mid the trees of yonder wood, 100
 " Beheld a winding road that led,
 " To yon low cot's deceitful shed ;
 " For there I hop'd my limbs to rest,
 " And still the tumult of my breast :
 " But when I op'd the cottage door, 105
 " For bread submissive to implore,
 " A nymph of more than mortal mien,
 " (But not so fair in mind I ween)
 " Demanded why and whence I came,
 " And what my trade, and what my name: 110
 " And said—' We have no daily cheer,
 " For beggars or for witches here!'

She thank'd the gen'rous maid again,
 (Whose bosom felt a thrilling pain,
 That she who boasts a sister's name, 115
 Should thus be lost to sense of shame,)
 And cheerfully resum'd her road;
 Whilst FLORA sought her own abode.
 There found she MIRA with her sire,
 Conversing by the blazing fire, 120
 On what would suit her features best;
 What flower should bloom upon her breast;
 When dancing on her-natal day,
 Each motion would her charms display.
 With pleasure each revolving year, 125
 She counted if the day was near;
 For then the am'rous rustics swore,
 They wish'd her e'en a hundred more.
 As at the palace may be seen,
 On birth days of the King or Queen, 130
 A throng of Lords who bow and smile,
 And practise ev'ry artful wile,
 Whilst round the Monarch's throne they stand,
 And sometimes kiss the royal hand;
 So they the willing fair embrace, 135
 But print their kisses on her face.

At length arriv'd the wish'd-for dawn;
 The train assembled on the lawn;
 Where MIRA join'd the sportive choir,
 And fill'd each heart with passion's fire. 140
 Around her slender waist she wore
 A zone that graceful hung before,
 And bound the lawn of snowy white,
 Veiling her heaving breast from sight.
 In ringlets hung her auburn hair, 145
 That gently floated in the air;
 And round her polish'd limbs she threw,
 A glossy robe of purple hue.

FLORA, more humble, wore a gown
 Herself had spun, of modest brown; 150
 And tho' those charms she could not boast,
 Her silly sister valu'd most,
 Yet charms superior she possess'd,
 That lay conceal'd within her breast.

Among the swains, a youth unknown, 155
 In ev'ry manly beauty shone;
 His stately mien, his graceful air,
 His mark'd attention to the fair,

And skill to kindle harmless mirth,
 Bespoke his not ignoble birth. 160
 The rural nymphs the youth admire;
 With palpitating hearts aspire
 To call him partner in the dance,
 And on him throw the artful glance.
 At first fair MIRA's sparkling eyes, 165
 Confess'd their power had won the prize;
 But soon they glow'd with fiercer fire,
 The lightning of indignant ire,
 When they beheld, with dread alarm,
 FLORA's possess'd a stronger charm. 170

Though beauty first the eye admires;
 Alas! too soon mere beauty tires:
 Unless the heart and mind sustain
 The conquests lovely features gain.

As FLORA with the stranger sat, 175
 Beneath an oak, in am'rous chat;
 And near them danc'd upon the plain,
 Each nymph with her beloved swain:
 Her rival sister fill'd with spleen,
 Retir'd behind the tree unseen; 180

And hop'd that something he might say,
 His name and fortune would betray;
 And prove him skill'd in ev'ry art,
 To gain an helpless virgin's heart;
 Then, having press'd her to his arms, 185
 To leave her spoil'd of all her charms;
 For this would please her envious mind,
 As she with venom'd spite design'd
 Her virtuous sister to defame,
 And load the stranger too with shame. 190
 But as she stood with list'ning ear,
 A ragged female form drew near;
 The same, a day or two before,
 She drove indignant from her door;
 Who from the place the maiden drew, 195
 Expos'd with all her arts to view.
 Then, swift as winged lightning flies,
 The beggar vanish'd from their eyes;
 A female form appear'd in sight,
 Array'd in shining robes of light; 200
 O'er her white breast her tresses flow'd,
 And with a golden splendor glow'd.
 She smil'd upon the happy pair,
 But chill'd with frowns the envious Fair;

And straining FLORA to her breast, 205
Thus the astonish'd maid address'd.

“ALBERT, this youth, tho' here unknown,
“Is born to grace a royal throne.
“When first he breath'd the vital air,
“I took him to my guardian care; 210
“And think not 'twas a luckless hour,
“That gave the infant to my pow'r:
“For I am mid the Fairies fam'd,
“And by them good ALINA nam'd.
“On earth my duty is to find 215
“Those who possess a virtuous mind;
“On them bestow a splendid crown;
“Ensure to them a just renown;
“And guard them from the sons of vice,
“Who to their snares the good entice, 220
“And when their victims once are in,
“Deep plunge them in th' abyss of sin.
“Awhile has ALBERT reign'd alone;
“He wants a partner to his throne:
“For less becomes a Monarch's care, 225
“Divided with a virtuous Fair.
“Long have I sought, but sought in vain,
“Among the haughty Courtier train,

" A virgin ignorant of ill,
 " His bed and throne with bliss to fill. 230
 " At last determin'd in disguise
 " To search at large for such a prize,
 " I roam'd the spacious world around,
 " Before the prize in you I found.
 " Since you my feign'd distress reliev'd, 235
 " And at my sorrows nobly griev'd,
 " A Youth as my reward I give,
 " And may you both in union live;
 " Enjoy the sceptre of command,
 " And rule belov'd, a happy land! 240
 " But as for yonder envious Fair,
 " Mild punishment shall be her share;
 " Her beauteous but deceitful face,
 " Shall swift be stripp'd of ev'ry grace."
 She ceas'd;—but ere her words were said, 245
 The luckless virgin's beauty fled;
 As roses lose their bloom and die,
 When Boreas rages through the sky;
 Whilst Flora (you may think it strange)
 Herself sustains a sudden change: 250
 Her face and form that erst were plain,
 'The utmost height of charms attain.

ALINA waves her wand, and lo!
Two winged steeds, as white as snow,
Whirl through the air a silver car, 255
In swiftness like a falling star.

ALINA, and the happy pair,
Ascend the liquid realms of air;
And bend their way to realms unknown,
To sit with virtue on a throne. 260



CONRADE AND PHÆBE.

A FAIRY TALE.

1.

WHEN ARTHUR, o'er the British land,
 Wielded the sceptre of command,
 And fairies danc'd the plain;
 There liv'd a youth, unknown to fame,
 Tho' virtuous, CONRADE was his name;
 A fair and gentle swain.

2.

Forc'd by the rigor of his lot,
 He left, with grief, his native cot,
 Where only joys were known;
 And, guided by the queen of night,
 That pour'd around her silv'ry light,
 Pursu'd his way alone.

3.

At length he reach'd, with ling'ring pace,
 A lofty mountain's rocky base,
 And as he look'd around,
 Beheld with joy a beaten road,
 That led, he hop'd, to some abode,
 As up the steep it wound.

4.

Swift o'er the path his steps he sped,
 And found that to a cave it led,
 With moss and shrubs o'ergrown;
 Where oft the flocks for shelter hie,
 When furious tempests rend the sky,
 And clouds on clouds are blown.

5.

Beneath its roof, to lay his head,
 He found of moss a downy bed,
 But sought in vain for rest.
 Seldom the wretch enjoys repose,
 Who feels, tho' undeserv'd, the woes
 That rack the human breast.

6.

Despairing from the ground he sprung,
 And whilst his breast with anguish wrung,
 Thus breath'd aloud his pain :
 " Me, why, alas ! should envious fate
 " Pursue with unrelenting hate,
 " A poor, a hapless swain ?"

7.

He paus'd, and thought a voice more sweet,
 Than her's who listens to repeat*,
 Resounded in his ear ;
 And raising from the ground his eyes,
 Perceiv'd with pleasure and surprize,
 A female form was near.

8.

Encircled by a beauteous choir,
 Whose limbs were veil'd in loose attire,
 Her charms surpass'd the best.
 Her eye with Pity's tears o'erflow'd,
 Yet still with sparkling lustre glow'd,
 As him she thus address'd.

* Echo.

9.

" Suppress, unhappy youth! your grief;

" And deign, I pray, tho' e'er so brief,

" Your sorrows to relate:

" For, sov'reign of the fairy train,

" I may perchance relieve your pain,

" And change your luckless fate."

10.

Young CONRADE bow'd with artless grace,

And whilst a blush o'erspread his face,

Thus her command obey'd.

" Dread Queen! excuse my tears, and know

" The source whence all my sorrows flow:

" I love a beauteous maid!

11.

" Tho' nobly born, and I a swain,

" That daily tend my fleecy train,

" To her I dar'd aspire;

" At first she fill'd my breast with fears,

" But, witness to my constant tears,

" She crown'd my fond desire.

12.

" Not so her father: swoll'n with pride,
 " He swore she ne'er should be my bride,
 " A youth so mean and poor;
 " But yet by secret stealth we met,
 " And oft the tear our cheeks would wet,
 " To count our sorrows o'er.

13.

" Tho' to resign her charms I fear'd,
 " Still hope my anxious bosom cheer'd;
 " But that, alas! is past!
 " My PHOEBE, from the castle flown,
 " Has left me to lament alone:
 " This hour may be my last!

14.

" For know, her raving sire, afraid
 " Lest I had stol'n the absent maid,
 " (Oh! how I wish 'twere true!)
 " Tries with his train my feet to trace;
 " As blood-hounds, in the nightly chase,
 " The loaded thief pursue.

15.

"Then, Oh! a wretched lover save;
 "And rescue from the yawning grave,
 "A wand'rer doom'd to die!"
 He ceas'd his tale devoid of guile,
 The Fairy cheer'd him with a smile,
 And made him this reply:

16.

"Yield not, young mourner, to despair!
 "Thou shalt, ere long, behold thy Fair,
 "And gain whate'er thou ask;
 "If first thou'lt grant me my request,
 "It is to do my strong behest,
 "A toilsome, arduous task.

17.

"But ere my lips the secret tell,
 "Prepare to follow where I dwell—
 "On you may I rely?"
 The youth, with rapturous transport cries,
 "Aught will I do for such a prize,
 "If e'en it were to die!"

18.

Her iv'ry wand aloft she rears,
 And sudden from the sky appears
 A silver car in view,
 By dragons drawn whose scales were gold;
 It lighten'd as their eyes they roll'd,
 And thro' the ether flew.

19.

With CONRADE in the car she springs,
 The dragons spread their radiant wings,
 And, when she slacks the reins,
 Swifter than light'ning upward rise,
 There dart along the yielding skies,
 And spurn the earthly plains.

20.

The train, as dew-drops of the morn,
 Suspended on the flow'ry thorn,
 Hang round the flying car;
 Young CONRADE, tho' he soar'd on high,
 Still downward bent his wond'ring eye,
 And view'd the earth afar.

21.

As oft the eagle, mid the skies,
 Below, a timid dove espies,
 And darts to seize his prey;
 The dragons then, at length no more,
 With heads to Heav'n directed soar,
 But earthward bend their way.

22.

Soon on the plain the chariot sounds,
 Swift from her seat the Fairy bounds,
 And eke the youthful swain;
 Awhile they walk, when CONRADE sees,
 Half-veil'd amid surrounding trees,
 A palace on the plain.

23.

As nearer to the spot he drew,
 More grand the lofty structure grew,
 And seem'd with light to shine;
 "Yon pile," he ask'd, "my eyes behold,
 "Enrich'd with adamant and gold,"—
 The fairy cried "is mine."

24.

Arriv'd, the Fairy, through the gate,
 Where stood the guards in royal state,
 The youth astonish'd led;
 And ent'ring now the vaulted hall,
 Her train, obedient to her call,
 The feast luxurious spread.

25.

Beneath a canopy, entwinn'd
 With flow'ry wreaths, the Fay reclin'd,
 And CONRADE by her side;
 Their hunger serv'd, a female band,
 With each a beaker in her hand,
 Pour'd forth the purple tide.

26.

As CONRADE drain'd the flowing bowl,
 He felt new raptures fire his soul,
 And all his joys renew:
 The cheering draught dispell'd his pain,
 And pleasure thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
 Such as when lov'd he knew.

27.

Now music fill'd his ravish'd ear,
 Than Philomela's strains more clear,
 Or e'en his PHŒBE's tongue:
 A maid, amid a female choir,
 Approaching, sweetly swept her lyre,
 And thus melodious sung:

28.

" By absence sever'd from his Fair,
 " A prey to sorrow and despair,
 " What pangs a lover feels!
 " But when he meets his Love again,
 " His breast no longer throbs with pain,
 " His wounds her presence heals."

29.

Thus sung the virgin, and retir'd:
 Her song with hope the youth inspir'd,
 Whose breast with rapture thrill'd;
 At length the royal Elf address'd
 Her list'ning and attentive guest,
 And thus her words fulfill'd.

30.

" A genius of gigantic height,
 " Renown'd for prowess and for might,
 " A captive nymph detains;
 " Who ever was my darling maid,
 " And oft with me at eve has stray'd,
 " O'er meads and flow'ry plains.

31.

If thou wilt undertake to bind,
 This foe of all the fairy kind,
 And save the injur'd maid;
 What meed soe'er thou shalt desire,
 What favor from my hands require,
 Thou straight shalt be obey'd.

32.

The youth reply'd, " I'll do the deed,
 " Or in thy service nobly bleed,
 Most high, most mighty Queen!"
 Then bow'd his head and bent his knee
 Before the fairy, pleas'd to see
 His bold and warlike mien.

33.

In haste her nymphs the arm'ry sought,
 And thence, as she commanded, brought
 A sword of mighty size;
 "No genius can this steel withstand,
 "When wielded by a manly hand,"
 The royal virgin cries.

34.

"Tho' mortal strength alone would fail
 "To lift it, yet shalt thou prevail,
 "For I have brac'd thine arm;
 "Then take this sword thy strength to try."
 He grasp'd the blade and rear'd it high,
 To prove her powerful charm.

35.

The dragons at her voice arise;
 Again they soar, and thro' the skies
 The youth and fairy bear;
 The champion pants his foe to meet,
 Lay the proud genius at his feet,
 And save th' imprison'd Fair.

36.

The fairy pulls the curbing reins,
 They dart from the etherial plains,
 And swift are on the ground:
 'Twas near a deep and gloomy wood,
 That seem'd for ages to have stood,
 And thrown its shade around.

37.

"Mark! youth!" she cried, "yon winding road,
 " 'Twill lead thee to thy foe's abode,
 " A dark and yawning cave:
 " Yet fear not, Warrior! well I know,
 " With ease thou wilt o'ercome thy foe,
 " For thou art good and brave."

38.

A dimpling smile o'erspread his face,
 As joyful, with a martial grace,
 He left the fairy-queen;
 Nor long had he the path pursu'd,
 Ere the broad opening cave he view'd,
 The tufted shrubs between.

39.

The shaggy bramble lin'd its side,
 And near it roar'd a muddy tide,
 And thorns o'erhung its head;
 Within, a taper faintly gleam'd,
 To CONRADE's gazing eye it seem'd
 The mansions of the dead.

40.

His manly breast devoid of fear,
 With hasty feet he still draws near,
 And boldly looks around;
 He entr'ing sees his giant foe,
 Whose eyes with vivid light'nings glow,
 Whose words tremendous sound.

41.

"Who art thou, wretch! whose daring feet
 "Thus bear thee her thy death to meet,
 "Within my cave?" he cries:
 The hero with a frown reply'd,
 "No longer in those threats confide;
 "Thy fury I despise.

42.

"I'm come, gigantic form! to save
 "A maid, whom in this gloomy cave
 "Thou woo'st to thy embrace—
 "Resign the virgin to my power—"
 The Genius, rising like a tower,
 Lifts high his pond'rous mace.

43.

But CONRADE aim'd a furious blow,
 Which struck the weapon of his foe,
 And dash'd it from his hands:
 Unwonted fear the Giant feels,
 Nor more resist, but backward reels,
 And in amazement stands.

44.

"In vain," cries CONRADE, "would'st thou try,
 "Thy weapon in my blood to die;
 "Cease then thy useless strife:
 "For know this steel my life defends."
 The vanquish'd Genius lowly bends,
 And suppliant begs his life.

45.

“Conduct me to th’ imprison’d fair,”

He cries, “and I thy life will spare—”

The Genius takes the light;

And swift unbars the massy doors:

The youth the gloomy scene explores,

Half veil’d in shades of night.

46.

He hears the wretched female cry,

“Curst Tyrant! rather would I die,

“Than meet thy foul embrace.”

The Giant stops; the youth alone,

In pain to hear her piteous moan,

Proceeds with winged pace.

47.

The virgin, stetching forth her arms,

Bends low her head, and hides her charms,

He speaks—she lifts her eyes—

When, still replete with native grace,

He sees his own lov’d PHŒBE’s face,

And to his fair-one flies.

48.

" Is this my Love, my faithful swain,
 " Heav'ns! am I blest with thee again!"
 Exclaim'd th' enraptur'd maid:
 The dungeon gleam'd with sudden light;
 The fairy-queen appear'd in sight,
 And to the Lovers said:

49.

" Blest Pair! thy trying woes are past,
 " And pleasure now succeeds at last,
 " Thy hours of tedious pain;
 " In future shall thy lives be spent
 " In love, joy, bliss, and pure content;
 " You ne'er shall part again.

50.

" Tho' oft, alas! the virtuous bear
 " The galling loads of woe and care,
 " By envious fate oppress'd;
 " Yet Heav'n, all-bounteous, from its store
 " On them, at last, its gifts will pour,
 " And cheer th' afflicted breast."

CERWALD.

FAIR as the swan, illum'd by Cynthia's beam,
 That proudly sails on Tavy's rapid stream,
 The maid, ELBURGA, in her humble shed,
 A life of peace, content, and virtue led.
 Tho' low her state, two noble Thanes confess'd 5
 Her virgin charms had fir'd their youthful breast.
 Thus the proud stream, that delves the mountain's side,
 Receives, and mingles with an humbler tide.
 CERWALD, the youth who won the virgin's love,
 And justly won, was constant as the dove; 10
 Strong as the fiercest of the savage race,
 His spear e'er slaughter'd in the sylvan chace:
 Yet far more noble, for it joy'd his breast,
 To quell the proud, and succour the oppress'd.
 His rival, OSWIN, with successful art, 15
 Strove, tho' in vain, t' estrange the virgin's heart.
 His brow was lofty as the mountain's head,
 That throws its shade o'er Coswick's* foam-white bed,

* A river on Dartmoor,

When pitchy clouds, by blust'ring tempest roll'd,
 Its rock-crown'd front with swelling wreaths infold.
 As roars the torrent to the startled ear, 21
 So sounds his voice, and fills the brave with fear.
 In strength a lion, yet conceal'd he lay,
 And, like the tyger, sprung upon his prey;
 This claim'd her hand, nor for it nobly sued, 25
 And that with sighs and timid glances woo'd.

To spurn Love's power a heart of pride betrays;
 He most is priz'd who willingly obeys;
 Thus thought the virgin: and ST. RUMOND's shrine*,
 Rais'd erst by ORGAR, heard the words divine, 30
 That to young CERWALD his ELBURGA gave:
 A spell no power should break except the grave.

As gleams the lightning through the midnight sky,
 So flash'd the fire from OSWIN's wrathful eye.
 Loud as the wolves on Dart's wide forest† roar, 35
 To seek revenge, with horrid oaths, he swore.

* Orgar, Duke of Devon, erected the abbey at Tavistock, and dedicated it to St. Rumond, A. D. 901.

† Dartmore is supposed formerly to have been a forest, which name it still retains.

Conscience with fear his stubborn heart impress'd,
 But still the venom rankled in his breast.
 That innocence is doubly arm'd he knew,
 And from his rival's hated sight withdrew, 40
 To where no eye might mark the living fire,
 Enkindled on his cheek by friend-like ire.
 CERWALD believ'd he left his native spot,
 To mourn in secret on his hapless lot;
 And little thought he plann'd a hellish snare, 45
 To kill his rival and possess the fair.

CERWALD, to brave the dangers of the chase,
 Stole, half reluctant, from the warm embrace,
 And snowy bosom of his anxious bride,
 Soon as the sun-beam ting'd the eastern tide. 50
 No youth like him the tangling net could lay,
 Or from his covert rouse the savage prey;
 No youth so dext'rous with the pointed spear,
 To pierce th' opposing wolf, or flying deer.
 A thousand wolf-skins lin'd his lofty walls, 55
 A thousand antlers grac'd his spacious halls;
 Where oft the bowl from hand to hand went
 round,
 And Echo answer'd to Mirth's jovial sound.

Swift to the moor his steed directs his course,
 Where Tavy issues from its constant source. 60
 Now, the young huntsman leads his long-ear'd cry,
 O'er lofty hills that seem to kiss the sky;
 And now beneath through hollow vales they stray,
 To seek with snuffing nose their tainted prey.
 But ere they rous'd the wolf or bristly boar, 65
 The hills re-echo'd with the tempest's roar;
 The raging winds in whistling eddies blew,
 And, through the air, thick clouds of darkness flew:
 A wat'ry torrent issued from their womb,
 And the red flash by fits dispell'd the gloom. 70
 His steed, when fire-balls, with tremendous sound,
 Fell from the sky, and roll'd along the ground,
 With ears erect, and eyes that shunn'd the glare,
 Snorted with fear, and starting, paw'd the air.
 The crouching dogs the much-lov'd chace suspend,
 And with their horrid howls the welkin rend; 76
 E'en on the youth unwonted feelings stole,
 And awful fear, for once, possess'd his soul.

Resolv'd, at last, some shelter'd spot to find,
 A spacious cavern he recall'd to mind; 80
 Where, when with hunting weary, and the heat,
 He oft had found, at noon, a cool retreat:

A murm'ring stream that tumbles down its side,
 With draughts delicious his parch'd lips supplied;
 When from his scrip that at his side he wore, 85
 He drew the scanty, but refreshing store.
 Thither the tempest-beaten huntsman hied,
 And to a mossy stump his courser tied.

As, far within, a rocky seat he sought,
 Groans of distress the ear of CERWALD caught. 90
 Through winding vaults he swift pursu'd the sound,
 And saw a peasant stretch'd upon the ground;
 Where, through a narrow cleft, the glimm'ring light,
 Scarce show'd to Pity's eye the mournful sight.
 Through his torn garb, with clotted gore be-
 smear'd, 95

A recent wound upon his breast appear'd;
 His bending arm half shelter'd from his view
 The stranger's visage, of a pallid hue.

Complaining to the echoing rocks alone,
 He thought no mortal heard his piteous moan, 100
 Till CERWALD spoke; when, turning on his side,
 He slowly rais'd his head and loudly cried:
 "Thy pardon, CERWALD! ere I yield my breath,
 "I vainly ask, for know I plann'd thy death—"

"Heav'ns! was it OSWIN, then" the youth replies,
 "That fill'd the cavern with his mournful cries? 106
 "Though we were rivals, yet a foe distress'd,
 "Removes all rancour from a gen'rous breast."

Then thus exclaim'd, anew, in accents hoarse,
 The dying Penitent, with failing force. 110

"Thou could'st not, CERWALD! didst thou know
 the whole,

"Forgive my crimes, and ease my guilty soul;

"Nor can I ask it, tho' thy heart, I know,

"Melts at the aspect of another's woe:

"Yet if thou hear me I shall feel relief; 115

"Expiring Nature bids my tale be brief.

"Soon as ELBURGA, list'ning to thy vows,

"Heard thee assume the sacred name of spouse,

"Thee I resolv'd in secret to destroy,

"And, by fell arts, thy virtuous bride enjoy. 120

"I knew, as oft I've join'd thee in the chace,

"Thou lov'st to hie thee to this shelter'd place;

"And here, beneath this rough disguise, I bore

"A trusty blade to drink thy hated gore; 124

“ When, tir’d with toil, and in sleep’s fetters bound,
 “ Thy strength might fail thee to repel the wound.

“ Whilst, press’d with hunger, I the wood explor’d,
 “ To find the scanty fruit its trees afford,
 “ A wolf that mark’d me for his easy prey,
 “ As crouch’d behind a tangled bush he lay, 130
 “ Rush’d from his covert, ere I heard his roar,
 “ And with his cruel fangs my bosom tore;
 “ But, as I fell, my shining dirk I drew,
 “ Transfix’d his throat, and swift the savage slew:
 “ Whilst scarce my feet could bear their wonted
 load, 135
 “ I, weak with loss of blood, retrac’d the road,
 “ To die, alas! repentant in this cave,
 “ Design’d, at first, O CERWALD! for thy grave!

“ The voice I hear that calls me hence away;
 “ I see the Demons watching for their prey: 140
 “ Oh! Heav’ns! what torments am I doom’d to bear!
 “ Spare me, ye Furies! oh! in mercy spare!—”
 Thus, in despair, with frantic voice he cried,
 And, struggling, in the arms of CERWALD died.

THE BRAHMIN.

A BRAHMIN, for his piety renown'd,
 His head by time with hoary honours crown'd,
 Within a cave, retir'd and lonely, dwelt,
 Nor e'er of social love the pleasures felt;
 In ignorance of the world his days he spent, 5
 And thought to gain, but never found, content:
 For when he read of sympathetic joys,
 That man connected with mankind enjoys,
 'To taste these unknown sweets he oft desired,
 To dwell with men, yet still he liv'd retired. 10

We sure shall find, if o'er the world we range,
 Mankind averse their habits e'er to change;
 And should they chance in other paths to stray,
 They soon return, and seek their former way.

He read the Koran with a MOSLEM's skill, 15
 And practis'd it, he thought, by shunning ill;

Where nor Temptation, with alluring art,
 Could e'er ensnare his weak defenceless heart,
 Nor pleasure-loving Vice his footsteps lead,
 From trifling errors to a sinful deed: 20
 For those twin sisters can alone be found,
 Where fools, priests, doctors, courtiers, kings abound.

Yet was this Hermit not unknown to all:
 The neighbouring swains before his feet would
 fall;
 Hear him the dogmas of the truth expound, 25
 And spread his fame with grateful hearts around.
 Once, mid the prostrate croud, a youth was seen,
 Tho' humbly clad, yet still of noble mien:
 "Most holy Brahmin, hail!" the stranger cries,
 "Fame has not err'd in owning thou art wise. 30
 "Behold a youth who long has sought in vain,
 "Instruction, from a sage like thee, to gain.
 "Too long I've sail'd, alas! without a guide,
 "Amid the shoals of Pleasure's whirling tide;
 "Taught by the example of her giddy train, 35
 "Too soon I learnt the flowing bowl to drain;
 "And when my breast was burnt with Passion's
 fire,
 "Give loose the reins to ev'ry wild desire.

" A thousand females pant to bless my arms,
 " And deck for me alone their lovely charms; 40
 " Eunuchs, obedient to my dread command,
 " Guard, with a jealous eye, the timid band;
 " Them, not the gold of Gallantry can bribe,
 " In whom, tho' num'rous, safely I confide.
 " Their beauteous charge no prying eye beholds: 45
 " Thus oft the rose her dewy charms unfolds,
 " And sheds her perfume on the mountain's head,
 " Whilst none but Heav'n can view her blushing
 red.

" Virgins, amid Circassian beauties born,
 " My crouded Haram with their charms adorn; 50
 " Some, to their lute responsive, sweetly sing,
 " Whilst others on the toe elastic spring;
 " And, as they beat with measur'd steps the
 ground,
 " My sophia, in the wanton dance, surround:
 " Or spread before me on the loaded board, 55
 " The richest dainties distant realms afford;
 " The sweetest fruits the various seasons bring,
 " Sprinkled with florets painted by the spring:
 " Then, from the golden vases, pour the juice
 " Italia's plains and Persia's vales produce. 60

" For, tho' 'tis order'd by the law divine,
 " Each Moslem shall forbear the taste of wine,
 " Yet this command I own I ne'er obey'd,
 " But oft the chalice to my lips convey'd;
 " Such power, alas, has pleasure to entice 65
 " Her giddy sons within the snares of vice.

" Thus, holy Father! thus—I blush to own—
 " My hours, days, years, till now, alas! have flown!
 " Nor wonder that my wants were all supply'd,
 " Or that each wish with speed was gratify'd; 70
 " For born was I to mount a regal throne,
 " And sure ACHMENIB's name to thee is known."

The Brahmin saw it was his prince that spoke,
 When from his limbs he stript the rustic cloak;
 His robe was girded with a golden zone, 75
 Whose diamond clasp with glorious splendor shone;
 The Sage with wonder view'd his royal guest,
 And kneeling, with his lips his sandals press'd:
 ACHMENIB rais'd the venerable man,
 Fell on his neck, and thus again began. 80

" If thou wilt deign, sage Father! to receive,
 " A wretch resolv'd all earthly joys to leave,

" I'll fly the wicked world with thee to dwell,
 " Within this peaceful, unfrequented cell;
 " Oft roam amid the gloom of yonder wood, 85
 " And meditate with thee on future good.
 " Here will I wait content till Heav'n ordain
 " The hour to free me from all earthly pain,
 " And waft me on an Angel's rapid wing, 89
 " To where the rose-crown'd Houris sweetly sing:
 " And, purling o'er the gems that splendid shine,
 " Flow richest streams of soul-enliv'ning wine.

" Our Prophet says, ' Repentance can alone,
 ' Obtain in Paradise a radiant throne.'
 " Know then my worldly kingdom I'll resign, 95
 " And fix my hopes upon a throne divine."

The Brahmin view'd him with a timid eye;
 Bow'd low his head, and answer'd with a sigh.
 " Before his prince, a slave submissive bends,
 " Presumes to combat what his will intends; 100
 " And, void of flatt'ry, no known truth conceals,
 " But all he thinks, and all he knows, reveals.
 " If aught offensive to thine ear I say,
 " Command my silence, instant I obey;

" My Lord! I mean not rashly to offend, 105
 " But speak as one thou honor'st as thy friend.

" I, by the orders of directing Fate,
 " Have liv'd from childhood in this lonely state :
 " No lov'd variety this life attends;
 " The same the day begins, the same it ends; 110
 " One cheerless course revolve the ling'ring years;
 " Each day, each night, I bathe with ceaseless tears:
 " No converse with my fellow beings hold;
 " My heart to sympathy and love is cold.
 " Friendship, that heav'nly power, who gently binds,
 " In rosy fetters blest, congenial minds, 116
 " Ne'er with her glowing torch inflam'd my breast;
 " For there each feeling passion sleeps at rest.
 " Divinest Love from my stern presence flies,
 " Arms not for me the glance of virgin eyes; 120
 " Thrills not for me each palpitating vein,
 " Nor fills my heart with soft and am'rous pain.

" If then each social passion from me flies,
 " How can my soul be lifted to the skies?
 " With veneration and with filial love, 125
 " How worship Him who reigns supreme above?

" If for mankind no true regard I feel,
 " For them I cannot pray whene'er I kneel.
 " Fix'd to one spot Religion ne'er is found,
 " Her meek-beam'd eye on all sides looks around;
 " Enters the cottage and the court the same; 131
 " Both rich and poor partake her cheering flame.

" So frail is man as ne'er to be content,
 " Tho' all his days in endless joys were spent.
 " You who have felt the pleasures life can give, 135
 " Now wish retir'd from ev'ry joy to live;
 " Whilst long, I own, have I desir'd to know
 " The pleasures that from social converse flow.
 " Each, we may learn, by us are too much priz'd,
 " Yet surely neither ought to be despis'd; 140
 " By blending both we may at last succeed,
 " And thus our hopes may gain their wish'd-for
 meed.

" Return, and live not for thyself alone :
 " Return, for God ordains thee for a throne.
 " 'Twill be thy best reward, great Prince! to
 see, 145
 " A thousand beings owe their bliss to thee.

“ And when fatigu’d and worn with sov’reign care,
“ Retirement’s gentle influence thou may’st share.
“ Thus pass thy days—to thee will then be given
“ The praise of man, and the reward of Heav’n.” 150



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STANELA.

WHEN mighty CÆSAR, by ambition fir'd,
To tame Britannia's dauntless sons aspir'd;
And o'er the boist'rous main his eagles bore,
To Albion's beetling cliffs and rocky shore;
Her free-born natives, tho' in arms untaught, 5
Long with indignant ire and fury fought:
But vain, alas! the Hero they assail'd,
Too soon o'er courage Art and Skill prevail'd.

A few brave Chieftains, to their country true,
Unconquer'd, to Damnonia's plains withdrew; 10
The Druids from their haunts profanely chac'd,
Their sole protection on the warriors plac'd;
And follow'd where they led, with weary feet,
To seek in woods remote a safe retreat:
But not unharrass'd rov'd the sacred train; 15
Their deadly foe pursu'd them on the plain.

O'er hills and wilds as swift they bend their way,
The fair STANELA feels her strength decay;

Her Sire, the Druid-chief, whose dread command
 Claim'd the obedience of the sacred band : 20
 Herself a virgin by the Druids train'd,
 Had heard their oracles and rites explain'd.
 Her limbs fatigu'd, she falters in her pace,
 Pale grow the roses in her beauteous face;
 She falls—and as her maids the Fair surround, 25
 Alarm'd, they haste to raise her from the ground;
 And whilst the tear runs trickling from their eyes,
 Within their arms the lovely suff'rer lies.

Unconscious of his daughter's helpless state,
 The Chief proceeds, and leaves her to her fate; 30
 But few remain protection to afford,
 Or in a female's cause to draw the sword.

The Roman scouts beheld with longing eyes,
 And swiftly flew to win the glorious prize;
 Tho' their assailants' furious blows they brave, 35
 In vain the Britons strive their charge to save:
 The bold defenders of the female train,
 O'erpower'd by numbers, strew the reeking plain.

A treatment worse than death had been their lot,
 Had not TELENUS hasten'd to the spot, 40

To calm the soldiers' rage, and bid them spare,
 From rough and brutal lust, the trembling fair.
 The soldier, when his young Commander came,
 Stay'd his rash hand, and hung his head with shame,
 For daring thus, against a female's charms, 45
 In wanton sport to use the power of arms.

TELENUS, as the Maid her thanks express'd,
 Felt thrilling raptures glow within his breast;
 Admir'd the beauties of her heavenly face,
 O'er which the ringlets play'd with simple grace; 50
 The spotless robe concealing from his view,
 A lovelier form than e'er his fancy drew;
 And with a tender voice, by Love inspir'd,
 Told how her charms his panting breast had fir'd;
 The soft impassion'd tale the virgin cheer'd, 55
 And to her heart the Roman youth endear'd.

Oft as he breath'd his am'rous vows she sigh'd,
 And thus with gratitude and love reply'd:—
 "Too gen'rous youth! I doubly am thy slave;
 "You flew, my honour and my life to save: 60
 "And now your best, your greatest gift impart,
 "No less a treasure than your noble heart."

As thus their mutual passion they confess'd,
 The pangs of sorrow rent the Druid's breast,
 To find his daughter absent from the train— 65
 "Perhaps," he rav'd, "my darling maid is slain!
 "Haste, and retrace the steps you trod before;
 "With anxious eye the spreading plain explore:
 "And grant, O Heav'n! you bring her to my arms,
 "Safe, and possess'd of all her native charms! 70
 "But should I ne'er behold the maid alive,
 "To weep her loss I will not long survive."

With speed the throng his loud command obey'd,
 And sought from spot to spot the lovely maid;
 TELENUS saw afar his num'rous foes, 75
 And knew 'twere vain, 'twere madness to oppose.
 If seen by them he fear'd, and justly fear'd,
 To lose the virgin to his heart endear'd;
 And deeply sighing, from his love withdrew:
 But ere his lips pronounc'd the sad adieu, 10
 She vow'd, in presence of the Gods above,
 And seal'd it with a kiss, the pledge of love,
 Soon as Suspicion clos'd her eye, to send,
 E'en to the Roman camp, a faithful friend;
 And name a spot where safe he might repair, 85
 Once more t'embrace his true, his constant fair.

The British host STANELA soon regain'd;
 And tho' a parent to her breast she strain'd,
 'Twas more with agony than rapture fraught,
 For ever on her absent Love she thought. 90

The moon, in slow majestic pace on high,
 Had trod her orbit through the starry sky,
 Since with his legion young TELENUS sought
 Cornubia's barren plains, and boldly fought
 Her warlike sons near Tamar's flowing tide; 95
 But most he lov'd t'explore the facing side,
 Where in Damnonia's groves the frequent strain,
 Sweetly resounded of the Druid train.
 Oft when he heard the hymning voices rise,
 A grateful incense to the vaulted skies, 100
 His ear he thought distinguish'd mid the choir,
 The notes of her who fill'd his breast with fire.

When o'er the sky the hills and dewy plains,
 In dapple vestment shadowy twilight reigns,
 TELENUS wont his guarded camp to leave, 105
 And sent his sorrows with the bird of eve.
 As once beside the silent stream he stray'd,
 Pensive and musing on his absent maid,

The dash of oars alarm'd his startled ear;
He thought some foe, who mark'd his prey, was
near;

And swift advancing to the sounding wave,
Uprais'd his sword, resolv'd his foe to brave.

A youth he saw, who rear'd aloft his oar,
Anchor'd his boat, and boldly leapt on shore—

"A Briton comes," with fearless voice he cry'd, 115

“ Beneath whose falchion Romans oft have died ;

“ But now, to ease a Roman breast of pain,

"I dare to tread unarm'd this hostile plain.

“To thee a virgin bade me cross the wave;—

“ Hear the command thy lov’d STANELA gave. 120

‘ Tell the young Roman, if he still reveres

'The vow he proffer'd when he calm'd my fears,

‘To brave all dangers to behold his fait,

‘ To Tamar’s banks at day-spring to repair;

* And when the signal on yon rock he sees, 125

‘ That rears its head above the lofty trees,

'To climb, with silent foot, the shelving steep,

'Lest at the sound his foes should start from sleep.'

The Briton ceas'd:—and ere the youth reply'd,
Regain'd his boat, and plough'd the yielding tide. 130

No more his hopeless love TELENUS mourn'd,
But thrill'd with rapture, to his tent return'd.

The virgin, ere Aurora fir'd the skies,
Starts from her dream of love in haste to rise;
Against her zone her heart tumultuous beat, 135
As through the gloom she stole her love to meet;
With timid awe she climb'd the well-known rock,
Where oft had bled the firstlings of the flock;
For none but Nature rais'd the sacred shrine,
Where Druid-priests perform'd their rites divine. 140
The lark's shrill notes that echo'd to her ear,
Foretold the dawn, the-wish'd-for dawn was near:
And soon the morn dispell'd the shades of night,
Whilst waking Nature hail'd the welcome light.

Now on Cornubia's plains the virgin's eyes, 145
Mark where her Lover's wide encampment lies;
Whilst lull'd by peace, the weary soldier sleeps,
The wakeful sentinel his station keeps;
With measur'd step he paces near the tent,
His thoughts on past and future battles bent. 150

STANELA now her snowy veil unties,
And high in air the waving signal flies,

Her watchful Lover plunges in the tide,
And scatters with his arms the billows wide.

Thus boldly whilom from the rocky steep, 155
LEANDER sprang, and storm'd the yawning deep,
What time by stealth, his Thracian fair he sought,
His wave-drench'd breast with love impassion'd
fraught.

Soon wafted o'er, TELENUS climb'd the height;
The anxious virgin view'd him with delight: 160
And faintly struggled, tho' her heart was pleas'd,
When with his glowing lips a kiss he seiz'd.
The youth, whilst tears of sympathy she shed,
Told how his heart, his wounded heart had bled,
Since the sad hour, when Fate, with envious spite, 165
Their bliss to frustrate, tore him from her sight;
But own'd his present joy his pangs repaid,
Thus to his breast to clasp his lovely maid.

Warn'd by the rising surf to part in vain,
Entranc'd with love the thoughtless pair remain; 170
Nor heed what dangers harbour near the spot:
Alas! how blind! how reckless of their lot!

Meanwhile arriv'd the sacrificial hour,
When Druids meet to praise celestial power.

Slow to the altar, see the train proceeds, 175
STANELA's Sire in solemn silence leads ;
No silver harp, no voice emits a sound,
And scarce their feet are heard to tread the
ground ;

Around them march, well-arm'd with spear and
shield,

A youthful band, train'd in the martial field ; 180
Lest with an eye profane, the vulgar crew
Might dare, unaw'd, their hallow'd rites to view.

The am'rous pair, regardless who were near,
Express'd aloud their joy, their love sincere :
The Druid paus'd, astonish'd at the sound, 185
The sound of love profane, on holy ground.
His wand he rears, the warriors swift divide,
And spread, with silent feet, on every side ;
Then rushing sudden from the spreading trees,
Clasp'd in a fond embrace, the lovers seize. 190
The Roman youth, surrounded by surprize,
Struggles to 'scape ; alas ! but vainly tries.

Thus when a lion, sleeping in his den,
 Is waken'd by the thund'ring shouts of men,
 He rolls his eyes and grinds his teeth in vain, 195
 For soon their spears extend him on the plain.

When first his daughter met the Druid's eyes,
 He turn'd his head, and rais'd them to the skies:
 Whilst down his beard, that floated on his zone,
 The tear-drops roll'd, to Heav'n he made his
 moan : 200

“ Immortal Powers! who reign supreme above,
 “ But to this nether world extend your love;
 “ Who on your vot'ry ev'ry blessing shower,
 “ And blast the sinner in his evil hour;
 “ Ah! why on me, who now your myst'ries tend, 205
 “ Each day before this sacred altar bend;
 “ And rapt in holy trance, your might adore,
 “ In wrath, a deluge of affliction pour?”

Then turning wildly to the captive pair,
 He smote his breast, and tore his silver hair; 210
 And whilst with anguish swell'd his lab'ring breast,
 His bitter grief he thus anew express'd:—
 “ Rash maid! alas! my daughter now no more,
 “ Think on the vows, the virgin vows you swore!

" Are, too, the sacred rites so soon forgot, 215
 " That thus you bring within this sacred spot,
 " Where ne'er before a foot profane has trod,
 " A youth, the foe to Britons and their God?

" Thy blood, young Roman! shall repay, ere
 " night,

" The British gore thy arm has shed in fight— 220
 " But, hark! ANDATE's* awful voice I hear,
 " That bids us high the wicker form † uprear,
 " Enclose the victim in its hollow womb,
 " And swift with fire her long'd-for prey consume.
 " Ye Druids! haste, the woven pile prepare, 225
 " And on this altar raise it high in air:
 " For here he made the grove with love resound,
 " And here of death his last faint groan shall sound.
 " Bear hence the maid, a Druid-maid no more,
 " For broken are the virgin vows she swore." 230

Swift from the youth th' affrighted maid they tear,
 Whose cries despondent echo through the air.

* Worshipped by the Druids as the Goddess of Victory.

† The Britons burnt their prisoners, confined in the body of an enormous image, rudely formed of wicker work.

Scarce could the guards the struggling Roman hold;
 His eyes with flaming fury fiercely roll'd;
 Despair, at first, possess'd his frenzy'd soul, 235
 But reason soon regain'd her mild controul:
 Calm and resign'd his orbs on high he rear'd,
 And Heav'n's decrees in silent awe rever'd.

The sun retiring in the glowing West,
 Had sunk on TETHYS' wavy lap to rest, 240
 The star of ev'ning, with resplendent light,
 Blaz'd as a gem, amid the locks of Night;
 When, marching to the harp's symphonious sound,
 Again the Druids pac'd along the ground,
 And led the victim in the midst enchain'd, 245
 Whose haughty eye their impious rites disdain'd.
 A train of youths who blazing torches bore,
 Slowly advanc'd the sacred train before.

The Druids now the lofty rock surround;
 No more the minstrel bids his harp resound: 250
 The youth encag'd within the wicker womb,
 Prepares to meet, with dauntless breast, his doom:
 Whilst thus the Druid breathes his fervent prayer:—
 “Almighty Powers! protect us with your care!

" Your love to us, a chosen race, extend, 255

" And all our doings, all our thoughts befriend.

" But chief, **ANDATE!** O tremendous Power!

" Thy numerous blessings on thy votaries shower;

" When Slaughter dyes with blood the reeking plain,

" Aided by thee, our hosts the battle gain; 260

" To thy dread name this sacrifice we raise,

" Our lips o'erflow with gratitude and praise:

" Accept our off'ring, load our foes with hate,

" And let them thus, as victims, meet their fate:

" Then shall the smoke of incense ever rise, 265

" And waft for thee its odours to the skies."

Now from the youthful train, with zealous hand,

The Druid grasps in haste the burning brand:

Thrown on the pile its spreading flames arise,

And hurl their crackling sparkles to the skies, 270

High as the fiery tempest *Ætna* throws,

Whilst down her side the glowing torrent flows.

STANELA, whilst the Druids slumb'ring lay,

Let by the moon-beam, trod her silent way,

The fatal spot in secret to explore, 275

Where late her Love she met, to meet no more:

For scarce could she believe her angry Sire,
 When cooler reason had suppress'd his ire,
 Would e'er repeat his stern, his dread command,
 Or claim th' obedience of the sacred band. 280

The rock she gain'd, but there, alas! her eye
 Beheld the ashes of her Lover lie.
 Grief and despair at once her soul possess'd;
 And thus she cry'd, and beat her throbbing breast:
 "Are these the sole remains the flames have spar'd, 285
 "Of him, alas! who all my wishes shar'd?
 "Of him to whom my panting heart aspir'd,
 "Adorn'd with beauty, and by valour fir'd?
 "Where's now the eye that beams of love display'd,
 "And all the passions of his soul betray'd? 290
 "Ah! where the cheek with blushes mantled o'er?
 "In vain I ask, for nought can these restore!

"— Oh! Heav'ns! TELENUS' voice at length
 "I hear!

"But, ah! how chang'd from gentle to severe!
 "Me, me, alas! with justice you upbraid; 295
 "With justice call me cruel, thoughtless maid.
 "'Tis true I led thee to the fatal snare;
 "And now I haste thy bitter lot to share.

"I come! I come! and Tamar's flowing wave,
 "You cross'd your death to meet, shall be my
 "grave." 300

She instant ran, and from the shelving shore,
 Leapt headlong in, and rose to breathe no more.



THE preceding Tale was meant as an Episode in a Poem the Author intended to have written, descriptive of the scenery that lies in beautiful variety before the spectator, on Lady Stanning's Rock, near the River Tamar.

At that period he was ignorant why the Rock was so named, and calling invention to his aid, supposed it to have been originally Stanela's, and afterwards corrupted into Lady Stanning's Rock; but he has learnt since, that a lady of that name being partial to the spot, was the cause of its being called after her.

episode
writ-
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Stan-

Rock
s aid,
, and
Rock;
name
being

SONNETS.

SONNETS

SONNET I.

TO MARIA.

Written on a blank Leaf of a Book lent to her by the
Author.

AS the learn'd Sage with ravish'd eye explores
The spot where Poets whilom tun'd the lyre,
On fam'd Italia's over-sacred shores,
And sung of rural love and martial ire;
Will I, sweet Maid! th' instructive page survey
On which you deign to fix your sparkling eyes,
And trace with thrilling joy their trackless way,
Like the moon's orbit, viewless in the skies.
Belov'd MARIA! Nature's fav'rite child!
As virtuous, mild, and innocent, as fair!
Kind VENUS at thy birth serenely smil'd,
And gave thee to MINERVA's guardian care.
Thus by their care, in you were well combin'd,
The various beauties both of form and mind.

SONNET II.

TO THE SAME.

YON Bee his straw-built hive forsakes,
 His wing o'er ev'ry floret shakes,
 Then shuts them on the rose:
 Altho' he quaff the luscious tide,
 A store for Winter to provide,
 The flow'r no paler grows.

So when impell'd by youthful fire,
 Thy charms, MARIA! I admire,
 And seize the hasty kiss;
 The ruby lips remain the same:
 Then why the stealth so angry blame;
 Why rob me of such bliss?

Frown not, my Love! to give my bosom pain—
 Yet if you smile, I sure must sin again.

SONNET III.

TO THE SAME.

On returning her Glove.

IN days of chivalry, each gallant Knight,
 Sought arm'd the joust;—no unknown Champion
 fear'd,
 And threw his glove, the challenge to the fight:
 And if, to grasp it from the ground, appear'd
 A jealous rival on his foaming steed,
 With feats of arms their mistress' love they court,
 Whose smiles they value as their highest meed,
 For e'en her presence grac'd the savage sport.
 No more those scenes of blood delight the fair,
 Tho' still a youth of manly heart they prize,
 Who justly proud their flow'ry chains to wear,
 Ne'er at the first repulse despairing flies.
 Deign then, MARIA! to accept this Glove,
 This peaceful challenge to thy envy'd love!

SONNET IV.

TO THE SAME.

With an inclosed Watch-paper, drawn by the Author.

THIS trifling pledge, this earnest of my love,
Which, with a gracious smile, sweet Maid! receive,
Declares thou'rt guarded by the Powers above,
Whose hands to crown thy heart*, the chaplet
weave.

Majestic PALLAS, with her spear and shield,
Alike for battle, and for wisdom fam'd,
To thee her heav'nly knowledge has reveal'd,
And in thy breast, each struggling passion tam'd.
The sea-born goddess, and her Cyprian choir,
Mould thy young limbs to ev'ry easy grace,
Thy bosom with the purest love inspire,
And spread the roses o'er thy blooming face.
By PALLAS guarded, and to VENUS dear,
No mortal's threats should fill your breast with fear.

* Alluding to the subject of the watch-paper—Venus and Pallas holding a wreath of flowers over a heart placed on an

SONNET V.

ADDRESSED TO ***, IN WALES,

June 10, 1798.

FROM me awhile, my Friend! thy footsteps stray;
 Yet I should blush thy absence to deplore;
 For thee Affection guided on the way
 T'embrace thy parents on thy native shore.
 Yet Friendship bids thee not too long to stay,
 The beauteous scenes of Cambria to explore:
 Soon o'er thy bark may wafting zephyrs play;
 My soul's best half* to bless my arms restore!
 If, torn from home, from all thy heart holds dear,
 The crystal gem should glisten in thine eye,
 Thy friend will strive to stay the falling tear;
 His reed may, p'rhaps, dispel the rising sigh;
 For thou wast wont his artless lays to hear,
 And with thy lyre, in nobler strains reply.

* "Animæ dimidium meæ." HORAT.

M

SONNET VI.

TO THE SAME, ON HIS RETURN.

YOUR safe return from Cambria's shores I greet
 To where old Tavy rolls his roaring streams,
 On whose fam'd banks you love with devious feet
 To stray, and realize a Poet's dreams.

When in the west the Sun's last glory gleams,
 We oft are wont at silent eve to meet,
 And hold sweet converse till the glow-worm's
 beams

With twinkling splendour warn us to retreat.
 I sad and lonely since the parting sigh

Rose from my bosom when you bade adieu,
 Have sought the spot, and with a wat'ry eye,
 Explor'd those scenes so oft admir'd by you;
 Yet there no wonted beauties could descry—
 But now your presence will their charms renew.

SONNET VII.

WITH giddy whirl, the wanton butterfly
 Soars on the sun-beam, at the noon-tide hour,
 And sips rich nectar from the sweetest flower,
 By summer painted with the brightest dye.
 Time was she crawl'd, a reptile without power,
 On silken pinion in the air to tower,
 And shew its beauties to the gazing eye.
 Thus oft we find among the human race,
 A titled Minion, swell'n with empty pride,
 In gilded chariot through the city ride,
 Forgetful whence his origin we trace:
 For, though upborne by Fortune's fickle tide,
 He still to blood plebeian is allied—
 His birth so mean as would his rank disgrace.

SONNET VII.

WHEN, by the tempest rous'd, the swelling waves
 The lab'ring vessel threaten to o'erwhelm,
 The dauntless sailor ne'er forsakes the helm,
 But with firm breast the threat'ning danger braves.
 For were he not his watchful stand to keep,
 The high-toss'd pine, without her wonted guide,
 Would bend before the storm, and through her side
 The waves admitting, founder in the deep.
 Thus, when Affliction with her scourge is nigh,
 Beat not, poor Wretch ! your bosom in despair;
 But her rough stripes with virtuous courage bear,
 And not a coward from her fury fly.
 With smiling Patience wait a happier hour,
 Till some kind arm shall shield you from her power.

SONNET IX.

THE hour when first LOUISA met my view,
 The unexpected sight my soul amaz'd;
 Her beaming eye my weaker vision daz'd;
 Deep from my breast the sigh of love I drew;
 Thro' ev'ry vein a trembling terror flew;
 And as, enraptur'd, on her charms I gaz'd,
 O'er all my face a blush, quick-spreading, blaz'd,
 And hot, with sudden thrills, my bosom grew:
 Nor did mine eye, confus'd and rayless, dare
 To mark if blushes ting'd, alike, her cheek:
 And, tho' I wish'd my passion to declare,
 My trembling lips refus'd my vows to speak.
 That moment flown, I yield me to despair;
 My heart unpity'd and unknown must break.

SONNET X.

WHEN panting Summer, with her bosom bare,
 Roams o'er the sun-parch'd plain, with falt'ring feet;
 Retir'd within a shady, cool retreat,
 I love to muse me on my cruel fair.
 Yet, tho' the fanning wings of gentle air
 Cool on my cheek the glowing blush of heat,
 I feel my heart with thrilling ardour beat,
 For fire unquenchable is ever there,
 Not even she, who could the flames excite,
 Has power t'extinguish, or its force restrain;
 The fire would rage still wilder at her sight,
 And soon its utmost furious height attain:
 Unless resolv'd no more my vows to slight,
 She deign'd to pity, and reward, my pain.

SONNET XI.

TO THE SWALLOW.

SWEET Bird! who seek'st Britannia's shores anew,
 Thy rapid circuits, mid the liquid sky,
 With pleasing wonder fill my moving eye,
 That vainly tries thy wand'rings to pursue!
 Now darting, swiftly, from the realms of blue,
 To some clear river of a kindred dye,
 Close to its heaving breast thou lov'st to fly,
 And, on its sprinkling waves, thy wings bedew.
 Tho' I could stay thy changeful turns to see,
 Thy skimming flight fortels the coming shower;
 And warns my footsteps to retire from thee,
 To seek a shelter in some woven bower:
 Thus, from the haunts of Pleasure should we flee,
 And, tho' she smile, avoid the Syren's power.

SONNET XII.

AH! think not, Cruel! that I falsely swear,
 When, with pledg'd vows, my passion I reveal;
 Not even Silence could my love conceal,
 My ev'ry look my passion would declare:
 Your beaming eye may find imprinted there
 Each pang, each thrilling torment, that I feel.
 Oft, o'er my cheek, the tears in secret steal,
 And gem my bosom, heaving with despair.
 Not you, but I, have reason to complain;
 For, if the pangs of love you e'er had known,
 You soon had been convinc'd I feel the pain,
 And judg'd my thousand symptoms by your own.
 I'm doom'd, alas! to wear a galling chain,
 And not an ear to listen to my moan!

SONNET XIII.

STRETCH'D in despair, upon the couch of night,
 Amid my tears I clos'd my eyes to rest,
 When you, whose frowns have pierc'd my love-
 rack'd breast,
 Seem'd, from the vault of heav'n, to wing your flight.
 Your eye now sparkled with impassion'd light,
 And laughing Cupids held your flowing vest.
 Thus, your sweet lips my happy doom express'd,
 "No more, lov'd Youth! thy ardent vows I slight!"
 Fir'd with the glowing accents as you spoke,
 To clasp your neck, with sudden bound I rose;
 But, ah! my haste the pleasing slumber broke,
 And chac'd the airy phantom of repose!
 Ne'er, lovely Maid! the vision's hopes revoke:
 Or see my eyes in sleep-eternal close.

SONNET XIV.

AS oft I wander on thy shelving side,
 Tavy! the straw-thatch'd structure meets my view,
 Where far-fam'd DRAKE* his infant breath first
 drew,
 Spain's dread destroyer, and Britannnia's pride.
 In Heav'n confiding as his only guide,
 O'er unknown seas he led his daring crew;
 Rang'd o'er the earth's broad zone of liquid blue,
 And crown'd Britannia empress of the tide.
 Long may those walls to future times remain,
 And tell how Fate, unerring, has decreed,
 That native worth, tho' lowly, may attain,
 From deathless Fame, a mortal's highest meed.
 Thus the tall tree that shades the spacious plain,
 Once in its womb repos'd a viewless seed.

* This celebrated navigator was born in a cottage, at
 Crowndale, on the banks of the Tavy, about a mile from
 Tavistock.

SONNET XV.

TO TAVISTOCK ABBEY.

PROUD pile! o'ershadowing Tavy's watr'y bed,
 Where erst th' enthusiast, Superstition, dwelt,
 And at thy shrine, with low prostrations, knelt:
 When youth's light ringlets floated from my head,
 I dreaded, mid thy moss-clad walls to tread,
 For then, with sudden change, my blood I felt,
 Now freeze, as Fear I follow'd, and now melt,
 Who shew'd me Phantoms rising from the dead.
 But now the Tyrant from my breast is flown,
 By Judgment driven from his helpless prey.
 So, when the blazing light of Reason shone,
 Scar'd Superstition fled the realms of day.
 And now Religion, on a humbler throne—
 The fervent heart—exerts her milder sway.

SONNET XVI.

TO THE RUINS OF A TOWER, PART OF TAVISTOCK
ABBEY.

A SPOT, beneath thy vaulted roof, is shown,
Where, by a murd'rer's hand, a Nun was slain;
And, of the virgin's blood, a purple stain,
Still seems to wind along the mould'ring stone:
But, as experience tells me men are prone,
Alike to credit wonders as to feign,
I rather think the frost and dripping rain,
Thus mark'd the wall with colours not its own.
How oft has Fable, blotting History's page,
Assum'd her pen her simple truths to maze!
Rise, then, O learn'd and wisely-sceptic Sage!
Dare from the roll her errors to erase,
And give it perfect to a future age,
Enough adorn'd by Truth's celestial blaze.

SONNET XVII.

TO LYDFORD FALL.

PLEAS'D have I seen thee, mountain-bred Cascade!

Roll down, precipitate, the rocky steep,
Where, in mid way, thy waves tumultuous leap,
And shine between the oak's o'erhanging shade,
Or, down the smooth-worn channel, they have made,
Plunge headlong in thy bason, broad and deep,
Where sweetest flowers their painted petals steep,
Then, gently wind along the woody glade.

Thus oft it happens with life's changeful tide—

It murmurs gently in its infant stage;
Then greatly swoll'n by adolescent pride,
It rolls precipitate, with thund'ring rage;
But, having spent its force, compell'd to glide,
In languid current, o'er the vale of age.

SONNET XVIII.

LYDFORD BRIDGE.

PAUSE, Pilgrim ! pause, and cast thine eye below—
 Scarce the swift stream, from this stupendous height,
 Unfolds its bosom to the aching sight,
 Scarce 'neath the arch the waves are heard to flow,
 Between the trees, that on the margin grow,
 A few pale sun-beams, from the fields of light,
 Invade the solemn reign of gloomy night,
 Who, but for those, would ne'er her horrors show.
 Thus, from the vision of a mortal's eye,
 Futurity her hidden secrets veils ;
 In vain the prospect to explore we try,
 A gloomy cloud o'er all th' horizon sails :
 We know but this—We all, at last, must die,
 For greedy Death o'er ev'ry hope prevails.

SONNET XIX.

ON THE SAME.

THIS spot demands the tribute of a sigh,
 For here, alas! was done a dreadful deed!
 A lovelorn youth, from Exon's walls, with speed
 Here came, by death his cruel fair to fly.
 He spurr'd, to bear him headlong from on high,
 With furious heel, his stubborn daunted steed,
 Whom, still reluctant, from the reins he freed,
 And headlong sprung below, resolv'd to die!
 You, o'er this bridge, who e'er may bend your way,
 Muse on his fate, and thence you sure may know,
 That when despotic Passions bear the sway,
 They plunge their victims in the depths of woe.
 The voice of Reason, then, and Truth obey,
 'Tis those alone that happiness bestow.

*Captain Williams of the
 East Devon Militia*

SONNET XX.

To Welchman's, or Whistman's Wood *, on Dartmoor.

SOLE lasting Children of the tree-stript moor!
 Who the wing'd tempest's fury have withstood,
 And shelter'd in your caves the wolf's dire brood,

* This wood lies on a hill, about nine miles from Tavistock, immediately bordering the river Dart, that rises in, and gives its name to, Dartmoor. It is the only remains left on this barren desert of the vast forest that formerly shaded it, and is supposed to have been destroyed by fire, for the purpose of extirpating the wolves.

Exclusive of its great age, this venerable grove is a great natural curiosity, as by the impetuosity of the winds, the trees are bent horizontally, at the height of six or eight feet, and spread to a considerable distance in that direction.

The trunks appear enormously large, but after stripping off the moss, with which Nature has provided them to keep off the inclemency of the weather, they are found to be but a few inches in circumference.

Near it, on the opposite side of the river, are circular spots of stones, that appear to have been erected by the Druids.

That scar'd wild Echo with their death-fraught roar;
 Oft Winter's storms, with bitter blasts and frore,
 In Dart's swift stream your wither'd leaves have
 strew'd,

Since Druid-Priests your sacred rocks imbru'd
 With victims offer'd to their Gods of gore:
 Your age, your grandeur, to my mind recall

What History teaches from her ample page,
 How Rome's fam'd Senate on the hordes of Gaul
 Indignant frown'd, and stay'd their brutal rage.
 But Fate decrees like them you soon shall fall,

And Time's rais'd arm not heed your helpless age.

SONNET XXI.

To Parliament Rock*, on Dartmoor.

THE woolly tribe, when furious tempests roar,
 Seek mid thy hollow caves a safe retreat;
 Or straying o'er thy rocks with devious feet,
 The scented thyme and blooming heath explore.
 Majestic Torr! 'Tis said, in days of yore,
 A lowly Diet here were wont to meet.
 Still we behold the rudely-sculptured seat,
 That once the elder of the Senate bore.
 Ambition here ne'er fill'd with furious zeal,
 The savage hero's bosom swell'n with pride,
 Who bids his Country grasp the murd'rous steel,
 And wade to glory through a bloody tide.
 No—Peace and Commerce, for the public weal,
 Were near, o'er all their counsels to preside.

* This rock, on the summit of a hill, is so called from a parliament of Tinnors formerly holden there.

SONNET XXII.

Intended for an inscription on a rock, removed by a torrent,
on Dartmoor.

ME, deeply rooted in my parent ground,
The foaming floods, with furious force, assail'd,
And o'er my yielding strength at last prevail'd,
When milk-white billows boil'd my base around.
Then, upward heav'd, with a tremendous sound,
My vasty bulk adown the steep I trail'd,
Or, on the dashing whirlpool's bosom sail'd,
And here, at length, a firm foundation found.
Mortal! from me this truth experienc'd learn,
That, tho' a thousand slaves obey thy call,
Tho' thou regardest, with a visage stern,
The cringing croud that flatter in thy hall,
Thou may'st have cause thy alter'd fate to mourn:
One minute sees thy grandeur and thy fall!

SONNET XXIII.

TO BRENTOR*.

HAIL! far-seen Mountain, on whose lofty head
 The cloud-veil'd tower its brow so haughty rears,
 That oft unmov'd has seen the mother's tears
 Fall for her offspring, earth'd amid the dead.
 Thy craggy steep, with youthful feet I tread,
 To roam mine eye where bold Mount-Edgcombe†
 peers

Above the ocean, where the Sailor steers
 His light-wing'd bark on Neptune's wavy bed.
 Those kindred dead that silent round me lie,
 Once rang'd those vales that open to my view,
 And, p'rhaps, with Mirth, that checks the rising sigh,
 Sported, regardless how the moments flew.
 Alas! the tear stands trembling in mine eye,
 To think they all have bade the world adieu!

* This lofty eminence, four miles from Tavistock, has a church and cemetery on its summit, and serves as a landmark to mariners.

† This well-known promontory, so famed for its rich variety of scenes, is visible from Brentor.

SONNET XXIV.

TO MORWEL ROCK *.

MY head grows giddy on thy summit, crown'd
 With verdant wreaths of venerable oak;
 I feel as if from deepest sleep awoke,
 When beams of light my scarce-op'd orbs confound.
 How lovely smiles the varied scene around!
 Amid yon trees ascends the cottage smoke,
 Where my strain'd eye scarce sees the woodman's
 stroke,
 And long my ear awaits the lagging sound.
 How far beneath slow-winding Tamar flows,
 And rolls his waves against thy rocky base!
 Tho', haughty pile! thou scorn'st their feeble blows,
 At last their efforts shall thy strength efface.
 Thus, on that cheek where blooms the opening rose,
 Shall envious Time his horrid furrows trace!

* Vide, p. 191.

SONNET XXV.

LADY STANNING'S ROCK*.

HENCE let mine eye the subject scene explore,
 Where winding Tamar rolls his swelling tides;
 Cornubia from Devon's hills divides,
 And laves, O Harwood! thy projecting shore,
 Erst stain'd, by royal hands, with human gore †.
 There Calstock, mid the trees, her turrets hides;
 Here Morwel's ‡ steeps uprear their shaggy sides—

* Vide the note to the poem entitled STANELA, p. 154.

† Edgar is supposed to have murdered Athelwold, the husband of Elfrida, in Harwood forest.

Mason's beautiful dramatic poem is so generally known as to render any further account of this historical subject needless.

‡ Vide, p. 191; where a description of the scenery that presents itself to the eye from Morwel Rock is attempted. Morwel is an extensive down on the Devon side of the river Tamar.

Hark! hear I not below the dashing oar?
 See! from the barge the Sailors seek the strand*;
 Scarce can their barks the well-earn'd load sustain:
 They feel their hearts with honest joy expand,
 As, with a sparkling eye, they count their gain,
 The sons of Industry, from Nature's hand,
 Receive her gifts, whilst Sloth entreats in vain.

* Morwelham and New Quay, are both visible from this eminence.

SONNET XXVI.

SEE! how the leaves, when Autumn rules the year,
Exchange the verdant for the yellow hue:
Soon will they fall, and as the plain they strew,
Proclaim that Winter, clad in storms, is near.
Thus the fond maid, who drops the secret tear,
To find her perjur'd Lover is untrue,
Grows wan with grief; and left her fate to rue,
From her smooth cheeks the roses disappear.
Her fading beauties, to meek Pity's eye,
Who loves to cheer the family of Pain,
Tell but too true that ruthless Death is nigh,
Prepar'd to snatch her to his shadowy reign.
Stretch'd o'er her tomb may her deceiver lie,
Confess his crime, and beat his breast in vain!

SONNET XXVII.

THE sparing gifts of Happiness to catch,
 To India's wealthy realms in vain we roam;
 In vain our vessel braves the Ocean's foam,
 And wafting winds the liquid course dispatch:
 The virgin loves to ope the lowly latch,
 And seek her fav'rite in his humble home:
 Less pleas'd to view the monarch's gilded dome,
 Than e'en the cottage roof'd with rustic thatch.
 Yet, strange to say, each anxious mortal tries
 To trace her footsteps where she ne'er has been;
 And, were the maid to bless his longing eyes,
 He scarce would know her by her native mien.
 Thus, what is common we no longer prize:
 E'en heav'nly beauty palls when often seen!

SONNET XXVIII.

WHEN from her car, that sweeps the air way,
In smiling youth, descends the sprightly Spring,
And wanton Loves, from ozier baskets, fling
The dewy florets, rear'd by lovely May;
Scarce the bright day-star pours his eastern ray,
Ere the wak'd birds unfold the painted wing,
And, as they soar, to their lov'd partners sing,
Who sit and listen on the bending spray.
To thy young train, O Cupid! I belong,
And own thy empire o'er my throbbing breast;
All-powerful God! inspire my artless song,
That I my vows to LAURA may protest.
I could from year to year such strains prolong,
Nor then would e'en my love be half express'd,

SONNET XXIX.

HERE, where with trembling light the moon-
beam clear,

Shines on the bosom of the murm'ring rill,

I list to PHILOMELA's mournful trill,

And drop of love the sympathetic tear.

But hark! a livelier strain now meets my ear:

'Tis from yon Swain, slow pacing down the hill,

Who tunes his reed with self-instructed skill,

As if he try'd my rising grief to cheer.

Thus, whilst his friends stand weeping round his bed,

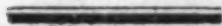
And in sad accents vent their piteous moan,

The dying saint erects his languid head,

And chides their sorrows in a cheerful tone;

Then, to the guardian Angel of the dead,

Resigns his breath, and falls without a groan.



SONNET XXX.

TO A SWARM OF BEES,

July 4, 1798.

YE humming Insects, that obscure the air,
 How must ye grieve to quit your native hive,
 Whom, from its roof, the cruel victors drive,
 Without one morsel for your winter's fare!
 Hibernia's sons, alas! such hardships share;
 (Where frenzy'd Rebels with their brothers strive)
 Scarce e'en allow'd to leave their homes alive,
 To Albion's shores, thro' dangers they repair.
 The hospitable Briton, ever kind,
 Receives, with dewy eye, the stranger guest,
 With soothing voice relieves his loaded mind,
 And warmly strains him to his gen'rous breast.
 Here, having left his brother-foes behind,
 The song of Peace will lull his woes to rest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MILLER & BROS.

MORWEL ROCK.

HAIL! Wood-nymph, of the Dryads Queen!
 Who, gazing on this glorious scene,
 Art pleas'd, at noontide hour, to lie
 Beneath the shady oaks so high,
 That crown this far-fam'd rock, whose head 5
 Nods o'er Tamar's wat'ry bed:
 My rural lyre Oh! haste and string;
 Instruct me MORWEL's charms to sing!

Whilst hence below I guide my sight,
 My bosom feels such pure delight, 10
 As is the happy Lover's share,
 When, gazing on his smiling Fair,
 He wonders at her heavenly charms,
 And longs to clasp her in his arms.

Far, in winding course below, 15
 Tamar's waves, scarce rippling, flow;

Painted on whose breast are seen,
 Hanging trees of varied green:
 Some with vivid colours gay,
 Gilded by the sunny ray; 20
 Others, clad in graver hue,
 Retire, like Modesty, from view;
 Or, bending on the margin's side,
 Oe'rspread with dancing shade the tide.
 Reflected on its surface here, 25
 Rocks and rising hills appear;
 There, the clouds forsake the sky,
 And seem beneath my feet to fly.

Vessels, with majestic pride,
 Tamar, o'er thy waters glide; 30
 Painted streamers, rear'd on high,
 Wanton in the breezy sky.
 The skilful Sailors court the wind,
 And swift the fluttering sail unbind;
 When round the bark the zephyrs play, 35
 And waft it o'er the wat'ry way.
 Commerce at the helm presides,
 And safe her floating treasure guides;
 She the treacherous ocean dares,
 And all a Sailor's hardships snarcs; 40

Hears, without fear, the tempest roar,
And steers her bark from shore to shore.

20 See, crowding on the verdant plain,
Of Fishermen a numerous train;
Some now unchain the boat, and row, 45
Prone in the flood the net to throw;
Mark! how the circling corks they spread,
25 That swim the stream and poise the lead;
See! now again they seek the strand,
And draw the loaded mesh to land: 50
The scaly tribute lines the shore,
With gold and vermil spotted o'er.

30 Now my eye enraptured strays,
Where the sportive heifer plays,
Amid the flowers that paint the plain, 55
Whose neck was yok'd by ne'er a swain;
There the shepherd's watchful eye,
35 Guards the sheep that pasture nigh.

Hark! how upborne on fluttering wing,
The feather'd choir melodious sing; 60
Yon Hawk observes their heedless flight,
40 And soars aloft his utmost height;

There, motionless, to view the prize,
 He gazes with cloud-piercing eyes;
 And, darting on his harmless prey, 65
 Bears it in his pounce away;
 In vain the trembling victim cries,
 Torn by his cruel beak, she dies.
 The frightened flock, dispers'd in air,
 Swift to their native haunts repair: 70
 No more are heard their warbling strains,
 But through the grove dead silence reigns.

Here see Devon's cliffs arise,
 In regal grandeur to the skies;
 Or frown upon the waves below, 75
 That fearful almost cease to flow;
 Lest, falling prone with giant force,
 The rocky mass should stop their course.

On yonder side the landscape lies,
 And spreads its bosom to the skies; 80
 The level plain, and shady vale,
 The tree-spread dell, and opening dale,
 With gently-rising hills between,
 Whose sides are ting'd with waving green;

65 Lawns, where herds the pasture browse, 85
 Woods, that intertwist their boughs,
 Form a scene of varied view,
 That never painting's pencil drew.

70 There the bending river flows,
 Whose willow'd banks the waves oppose; 90
 Now no more it meets the eye,
 Skreen'd by hills that tower so high,
 And now at length appears again,
 Winding sweetly through the plain.

75 There Calstock's lofty turrets rise, 95
 High on yon steep, and kiss the skies,
 Tall trees the sacred fane surround,
 And spread a solemn shade around;
 Cornubia's distant mountains there,
 Lose their misty heads in air. 100

80 Hark! the woodman's sturdy blows,
 Disturb the calm and still repose.
 The oak, laid prostrate by his blade,
 No more will shelter in its shade,
 The shepherd who oppress'd with heat, 105
 Sought near its root a verdant seat.

The toiling swain the branches rinds,
 With pliant wythes the faggot binds,
 Then rolls it down the mountain's side,
 And loads his boat on Tamar's tide: 110
 Thus fuel for his fire he gains,
 Whilst wintry tempests scour the plains.
 Then hither oft the sportsman hies,
 Soon as Aurora lights the skies,
 And thro' those woods the game pursues; 115
 The pheasant ting'd with golden hues,
 Or woodcock, that from unknown shores,
 His course to us o'er sea explores.

The Abbot*, erst by monks rever'd,
 Amid the walls by Orgar rear'd, 120
 Oft Morwel! o'er thy furrow'd grounds,
 Pursu'd the hare with panting hounds;
 Or mid thy woods delighted chac'd,
 The stag with branching antlers grac'd.

Wafted by the evening gale, 125
 Along the windings of the vale,

* The Abbot of Tavistock possessed a hunting seat at Morwel, which is still remaining in good preservation.

Music's melting strains I hear;
 And Echo tells the Minstrel near.
 From yonder boat the sounds proceed,
 110 That ploughs the waves with winged speed, 130
 And bears a young and sprightly crew,
 Who, Tamar's varied scenes to view,
 Forsook, whilst Pleasure led the way,
 The crouded Tower, at break of day;
 115 And now the shades of Eve descend, 135
 Their winding circuit homeward bend.

Since, Morwel! now the gloom of night,
 Has veil'd thy beauties from my sight,
 I too must quit this lovely spot,
 120 And journey to my humble cot. 140

PAN AND CUPID.

ONCE, at the maids, a feeble prey,
 Had CUPID shot his shafts away;
 And since in vain his bow was strung,
 For empty quite his quiver hung,
 He sought those weapons to supply, 5
 Form'd by the God, who from the sky,
 Was hurl'd by Jove to Lemnos' isle,
 And whom we mortals VULCAN style,
 A grove, to cut the straightest rods,
 Resolv'd to war on men and gods. 10

Between the thickly spreading trees,
 The swain's protector, PAN, he sees;
 Who look'd with anger fiercely round,
 And threw his syrinx on the ground:
 Then with a furious gesture swore, 15
 He ne'er would cheer the woodlands more;

Or wake to harmony the meads,
 By sounding his unequal reeds.
 Now, with a ghastly grin he frown'd,
 Stamp'd with his cloven foot the ground, 20
 And breaking swift the reed in twain,
 Threw it in anger on the plain.

The Urchin views him with surprise,
 And archly to the Minstrel cries :
 " Why swell thy cheeks, my friend, with rage? 25 "
 " Thy direful fury pray assuage :
 " Say why thou ventest thus thy spite,
 " On what form'd once thy chief delight :
 " For oft amid Arcadian plains,
 " Thou wont to pipe to list'ning swains." 30

The angry Deity replies,
 With rage still flashing from his eyes,
 " Early this morn, on yonder mead,
 " A youth I met who tun'd his reed,
 " Whilst list'ning clowns the sounds admir'd, 35
 " And hail'd him as a bard inspir'd :
 " Ah! good day, PAN!" the fellow cried,
 " I own such freedom hurt my pride,"

' Fair DELIA longs to hear thy strains;
 ' And since she oft so kindly deigns 40
 ' To listen to my artless reed,
 ' With thee will I contest the meed:
 ' For round the happy victor's brow,
 ' The maid will twine the laurel bough.'

" I with him to the spot repair, 45
 " And sound my pipe to please the fair:
 " But tho' a god his skill employ'd,
 " A mortal the reward enjoy'd.
 " Enrag'd I left the maid, and swore
 " To please a female ear no more." 50

The son of VENUS, with a smile,
 Reply'd, " Why thus the Fair revile?
 " To me alone belongs the blame;
 " 'Twas I that loaded you with shame:
 " For whilst you sang your heav'nly lays, 55
 " I long'd to cheat you of your praise;
 " And slily with my golden dart,
 " For COLIN pierc'd the Virgin's heart:
 " Thus, PAN! you lost the envy'd prize,
 " For Lovers see with partial eyes. 60

" Resume your reed, my injur'd Friend,
 " But with a Lover ne'er contend,
 " Whilst his fond fair-one hears the lays,
 " And with a voice of bias'd praise,
 " To Love, not Merit, gives the bays.

} 65



EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

HOW oft we mortals of our lot complain !
 Tho' most the meed of happiness may gain :
 For Heav'n, all-bounteous, from his endless store,
 Presents his gifts alike to rich and poor :
 All ought his bounty, undeserv'd, to own, 5
 And bow with grateful hearts before his throne.

But fiendlike Envy, who with hellish joy,
 Delights the bliss of mortals to destroy,
 Invades with wily art the human breast,
 Her prey with pining wishes to infest ; 10
 Soon he forgets the numerous gifts receiv'd,
 And at another's happy lot is griev'd.
 " Alas !" he cries, " on hard-earn'd bread I feed,
 " Whilst for yon Lord a thousand victims bleed ;
 " For him the vineyard smiles in sunny rows, 15
 " The groaning press with purple streams o'erflows,
 " To cool his palate with the richest wine,
 " Whilst nought but tasteless water moistens mine."

Observe, rash Fool! with a less partial eye; 19
 His steps pursue, perchance thou'lt hear him cry—
 "Oh! what a curse, a cumbrous load is wealth,
 "That robs its owner of repose and health!
 "Tempts him his passions blindly to enjoy,
 "But, ah! how soon those satiate passions cloy!
 "Oh! that the Fates another thread had spun, 25
 "Or ne'er the flimsy web of life begun!"

Yet deem not gold a useless sordid ore;
 For when 'tis us'd to feed the hungry poor,
 The sick to heal, to comfort the distress'd, 29
 To shield from tyrant power the weak oppress'd,
 'Tis the best gift that Heav'n could e'er bestow
 On man, to help his fellow man below;
 And gracious Heav'n but wants us to exert
 Our manly powers, to claim our just desert;
 For whilst we labour to encrease our wealth, 35
 Employment cheers us, and preserves our health:
 Thus then we find it wisely is decreed,
 That Industry should share a double meed.

If happiness a mortal would obtain,
 Let him from all undue extremes refrain: 40

Not in his iron chest his treasure hide,
 Or count his useless gold with sordid pride;
 Nor, with a lavish hand, on all dispense,
 His golden gifts, with rash munificence;
 Nor at his table entertain the croud, 45
 Who in his presence vaunt his praise aloud,
 But in their hearts the bounteous fool despise,
 Whose vanity can swallow Flatt'ry's lies.
 If he at last should dissipate his wealth,
 By midnight revels undermine his health, 50
 And for his debts should languish in a jail,
 Would those, his friends, his bitter lot bewail?
 Would they who shar'd his ev'ry pleasure grieve,
 And strive his heart-pang'd sorrows to relieve?
 No—they would join his folly to upbraid, 55
 And cry, "His want of care is well repaid!"

Know, that by Heav'n it wisely is decreed,
 That if we think we're blest, we're blest indeed.
 Within ourselves the lasting pleasure lies;
 Then let us this best present rightly prize; 60
 From our own bosoms draw the precious store,
 Be pleas'd with what we have, nor wish for more.

If others happier than ourselves appear,
 Let us not envy, but their lot revere;
 Taught by example all our strength exert, 65
 And thus we may obtain our just desert.

When Poverty, in tatters, meets our eyes,
 Ne'er let our hearts the lowly wretch despise;
 But our good fortune with his bad compare;
 With him, if he deserve, our blessings share; 70
 And if he suffer by avenging Heav'n,
 For crimes that must be cleans'd to be forgiv'n,
 That Power adore, who with paternal care
 Gently chastises but the more to spare;
 Pour out our hearts before his awful throne, 75
 That to ourselves such mercy he has shewn.



AN
EXCURSION
ON THE
*RIVER TAMAR**,

IN THE YEAR 1796.

1.

WHILST in the West the fun descends,
And gilds the mountains o'er;
We, parting from embracing friends,
In haste attain the shore.

* A party, accompanied by the author, on their return to Tavistock, sailed from the yard at Plymouth Dock, as far as Morwelham Quay, on the River Tamar.

Had not the melancholy accident, alluded to at the end of this Poem, unfortunately happened, the pleasure he then experienced, would on reflection never have been embittered by a sigh.

2.

Now to the vessel, from the strand,
 Swift spring the jovial crew;
 Save one, who ling'ring stays on land,
 To bid his Love adieu.

3.

He clasp'd her to his arms and cry'd—
 "This night we meet again."
 "Farewel, my HENRY!" she reply'd,
 As slow he sought the main.

4.

Long on the shore the Virgin stood,
 Nor from the spot withdrew,
 Till, as her eye the sail pursu'd,
 It vanish'd from her view.

5.

How grand the changeeful scene expands!
 Here hills o'er hills arise;
 And there th' embattled fortress stands,
 Where high the standard flies.

6.

Mark yonder Gallic wreck, whose sides
 By British balls are torn;—
 Once haughtily she plough'd the tides,
 And view'd her foes with scorn.

7.

Mount Edgecombe, on whose airy height
 The tower* her signal rears,
 Now fades before the Pilot's sight,
 As o'er the deep he steers.

8.

Hail, winding Tamar! on thy breast
 Reflected charms we view;
 Devonian's woods, by Autumn dress'd,
 And Cornwall's hills of blue.

9.

Yon castle tott'ring o'er the wave,
 With ivy mantled o'er,
 Once feasted in its halls the brave,
 And saw their deeds of yore.

* Maker Tower.

10.

Here groves and lawns their beauties blend,
 And flowery vales subside;
 There willows o'er the waters bend,
 And drink the crystal tide.

11.

Here smiling Nature gay appears,
 With charms unnumber'd grac'd;
 There chang'd, her angry front she rears,
 And lays her regions waste.

12.

A sailor rais'd his oar and cry'd—
 "Mark yonder lofty tower*!

* Mr. Gilpin, in his remarks on the West of England, has so well described the reason of its erection, that I shall not apologize to the reader for inserting the following extract.

"Mr. Tilly, once the owner of Pentilly-house, was a celebrated Atheist of the last age. He was a man of wit, and had by rote all ribaldry and common-place

" 'Twas built, alas! by impious pride,
 " To mock celestial power."

13.

Hark! wafted by the ev'ning gale,
 The voice of Music sounds;

" jests against religion and scripture, which are well
 " suited to display pertness and folly, and to unsettle a
 " giddy mind, but are offensive to men of sense, what-
 " ever their opinions may be, and are neither intended
 " nor adapted to investigate truth. This brilliancy of
 " Mr. Tilly's wit, however, carried him a degree farther
 " than we often meet with in the annals of profaneness.
 " In general the witty Atheist is satisfied with entertain-
 " ing his contemporaries; but Mr. Tilly wished to have his
 " sprightliness known to posterity. With this view, in
 " ridicule of the resurrection, he obliged his executors to
 " place his dead body, in his usual garb, and in his elbow
 " chair, upon the top of a hill, and to arrange on a table
 " before him, bottles, glasses, pipes, and tobacco. In
 " this situation he ordered himself to be immured in a
 " tower of such dimensions as he prescribed; where he
 " proposed, he said, patiently to wait the event. All
 " this was done, and the tower, still enclosing its tenant,
 " remains as a monument of his impiety and profane-
 " ness. The country people shudder as they go near it."

And nearer now the hollow vale
The swelling strains rebounds.

14.

See! bursting from behind yon cliff,
That high its summit rears,
Fraught with her tuneful choir, a skiff,
With obvious sail, appears.

15.

Sure Fancy must delude my eyes!
Those sounds deceive my ear!
No—To create our fond surprize,
Our friends—our friends are near!

16.

By Friendship and by Love inspir'd,
We hail the tuneful thong:
And, hark! by mutual rapture fir'd,
The concert they prolong.

17.

Returning now their course they bend,
Our listening boat before;

And with their strains her voice to blend,
Sweet Echo treads the shore.

18.

Mark! in yon wood, the rocky height
That Tamar's bed commands;
There bursting to the Pilgrim's sight,
A sacred chapel* stands.

19.

Drawn by the music's dulcet sound,
The swains their toil forego;
The wave-o'erhanging fane surround,
And view our boat below.

20.

The sacred structure we admir'd,
And anchoring near the shore,
Its founder of a swain enquir'd,
Whose head was silver'd o'er.

* At Cotele, the seat of Lord Mount Edgcumbe, honoured by a visit from their Majesties.

21.

He cry'd, whilst, bending on the ground,
 He fix'd his watery eye,
 " Alas! within this earthy mound,
 " His silent relics lie!

22.

" Permit me, Strangers! to lament
 " A master, long since dead,
 " O'er whom, when yet a boy, I bent,
 " Stretch'd on his mortal bed.

23.

" Of treason was my Lord accus'd,
 " By rivals to the King:
 " His witnesses were all refus'd,
 " Tho' many he could bring.

24.

" His mansion he in secret sought,
 " Compell'd by fate to fly;
 " And here, alas! how vainly thought,
 " Unknown to live and die.

25.

" For hither soon his cruel foes,
 " Their hapless prey pursu'd:
 " He knew 'twere folly to oppose,
 " And hasten'd to this wood.

26.

" Behind he heard their footsteps sound,
 " As him they ran to seize,
 " And here below a shelter found,
 " Conceal'd by spreading trees.

27.

" A stone into the dashing wave,
 " And then his hat he threw;
 " They thought he chose a watry grave,
 " And from the spot withdrew.

28.

" Then Heaven he thank'd with grateful praise,
 " Who sure inspir'd the thought;
 " And vow'd a chapel here to raise,
 " Which promise soon he wrought."

29.

The rustic ceas'd, and wip'd the tear
 That trembled in his eye ;
 Again our homeward course to steer,
 We left him with a sigh.

30.

Now eve her darkest shades displays,
 And veils the scene in gloom :
 From yonder cot the taper's rays
 Our watry road illumine.

31.

Rous'd by the choir, an infant train
 Forsake the lowly door,
 And listening to the music's strains,
 Delighted each the shore.

32.

The concert ceas'd, o'er Nature reigns
 A silent calm profound,
 Save when, as hard the sailor strains,
 The oar-dash'd waves resound.

33.

Now, near the quay our bark we moor,
 And swiftly furl the sail;
 Our friends assembled on the shore,
 Our safe arrival hail.

34.

Here, by their gen'rous hands prepar'd,
 A plenteous board we found;
 With them the social banquet shar'd,
 And sent the bowl around.

35.

Amid our joys, the voice of woe
 Our startled ears receive;
 We swift the smile of mirth forego,
 The sufferer to relieve.

36.

Conducted by the mournful sound,
 Again we sought the tide,
 And in the boat a sailor found,
 Who wrung his hands and cry'd:—

37.

"Ne'er shall I view young HENRY more!

"He's bury'd in the deep!

"'Twas dark, but rashly from the shore

"He try'd on board to leap.

38.

"I flew the hapless youth to aid,

"But flew, alas! too late;

"And calling on his absent maid,

"He yielded to his fate!

39.

"Heav'n has forbid the am'rous pair

"This fatal night to meet:

"Oh! how the virgin in despair,

"Her sobbing breast will beat!"

THE
ORIGIN
OF THE

BRITISH FLAG.

1.

BRITANNIA, with a placid smile,
Revolving once of yore,
How most to benefit her Isle,
Sat pensive on its shore.

2.

A shield resplendent was her seat,
Emboss'd with studs of gold;
A lion roaring at her feet,
His fiery eye-balls roll'd.

3.

High on her head a casque she bore,
That strikes her foes with fear;
A cuirass on her bosom wore,
And grasp'd a bloody spear.

4.

As high she rais'd her azure eyes,
She saw her heavenly friend,
Fair Freedom, from the arching skies,
In rapid flight descend.

5.

Unzon'd, and flutt'ring in the wind,
Her ample robe was white:
Her tresses floated far behind,
And darted rays of light.

6.

Around the spear she held, whose head
A cap ensanguin'd crown'd,
Vary'd with azure, white, and red,
A silken flag was wound.

7.

She to BRITANNIA'S wondering eyes,
 The standard swift unfurl'd:
 "With this, my best-lov'd fair!" she cries,
 "Thy sons shall rule the world."

8.

"PEACE gave this stripe of purest white,
 "To teach thy martial train,
 "Ne'er but when rous'd by wrongs in fight,
 "Their spotless swords to stain."

9.

"From MARS my hand receiv'd the red—
 'A British youth,' he cry'd,
 'Joys for his country's good, to shed
 'Of life the crimson tide.'

10.

"NEPTUNE bestow'd his fav'rite blue,
 "Dy'd by the Naiad train;
 "And swore that those belov'd of you,
 "Should rule the azure main."

11.

" I join'd the triple hues with care,
 " And form'd this mystic whole,
 " Whose sight a Briton's foe shall scare,
 " And daunt his daring soul.

12.

" This for thy warlike sons receive,
 " Whom you may joy to own,
 " For they such wonders shall achieve
 " As ne'er before were known."

13.

BRITANNIA, as she clasp'd it round,
 Cry'd—" I accept the gift !
 " None worthier would'st thou e'er have found,
 " The standard to uplift.

14.

" Since thou hast deign'd their arms to guide,
 " Beneath thy mild controul,
 " Their flag shall surely rule the tide,
 " And fly from Pole to Pole.

15.

" Thus Britons ever shall retain,

" Through thy support and mine,

" The empire of the raging main,

" Until the end of time!"



ÆGON,

A PASTORAL.

To the Memory of FRANCIS GEACH, M.D.

Inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine,

For April 1798.

AMYNTAS.

NOW Winter frowning yields his tyrant reign
 To youthful Spring, descending on the plain;
 Where'er she smiles the ice-bound rivers flow,
 And desert mountains lose their loads of snow.
 The painted songsters mid the budding sprays, 5
 In cheerful chorus blend their warbling lays;
 Whilst HYLAS, deaf to all their joy, complains,
 And in sad accents pours his sylvan strains:
 Thus plaintive Philomel, whose notes of love
 Surpass the mingled concert of the grove, 10
 Disdains the choir to join; but vents alone,
 Save to the ear of Night, her piteous moan.

HYLAS.

No more my reed shall cheer the list'ning swain,
 Or call the nymph to lead the sportive train;
 But with its sounds to all the groves impart 15
 The thousand pangs that rend my bleeding heart:
 For hapless ÆGON, more than mortal skill'd
 In Phœbus' art, for so the Fates have will'd,
 Beside the spot where yonder pine-tree grows,
 Lies low in death—there may his shade repose! 20

O'er his pale corse my hands the turf have rear'd,
 By swains as yet unborn to be rever'd:
 There shall the youth their ozier baskets bring,
 And scatter o'er his grave the flowers of spring;
 Or hang their chaplets on the cypress spray, 25
 Whose solemn shades exclude the beams of day.

AMYNTAS.

Forgive me, sacred shade! that I presume,
 To drop a tear upon the verdant tomb.
 Here on thy turf, refresh'd with streams of woe,
 May flowers exhaling sweets, for ever grow! 30

When silent eve her gloomy mantle throws
 O'er half the globe, and not a zephyr blows,
 Skreen'd mid the boughs that o'er thy grave depend,
 May Philomel her plaintive tribute send,
 To all the groves and hollow vales around, 35
 And waken Echo with the solemn sound!

HYLAS! again resumé thy doleful lays,
 Thou best canst sing in noble ÆGON's praise:
 My rash intrusion stay'd thy sacred song,
 Now let my presence thy sad strains prolong! 40

HYLAS.

List, O ye rocks! ye groves! whilst I rehearse
 The praise of ÆGON, though in rustic verse;
 His name alone my artless theme can raise,
 For from Apollo he receiv'd the bays.
 Taught by the God to strike the sounding wire, 45
 Celestial music floated from his lyre;
 The heavenly Nine to hear their favorite's strains,
 Oft from Parnassus sought his native plains;
 By Tamar lav'd, who hastes to join the tide,
 Where Albion's fleets triumphant e'er shall ride; 50

By them inspir'd, he knew the heavenly signs,
 In whose broad zone the sun's bright chariot shines;
 Could count 'the stars that gild the glowing pole,'
 And tell the laws that regulate the whole;
 His spacious mind on Reason's pinions soar'd, 55
 And Nature's works, and Nature's laws explor'd.

When EGLA, fairest of the rural choir,
 Whose sparkling eyes had fill'd my breast with fire,
 By the curst power of some dread rival's spell,
 Work'd by the Furies in the womb of hell, 60
 Exchang'd the roses for the lily's hue,
 And from her bosom sighs of anguish drew;
 ÆGON relum'd the light'nings of her eye,
 O'er her pale cheeks renew'd the rosy dye;
 And by his art restor'd her to my arms, 65
 Blooming with more than e'er her wonted charms.

But now, whene'er the flow'ers of beauty close,
 Chill'd with the blast that withering sickness blows;
 No rising sun, with morning fervor bland,
 Will drink their tears, or bid their charms expand. 70

Weep, O ye Nymphs! your bitter fate deplore:
 Lament, ye Swains! for ÆGON is no more!

AMYNTAS.

HYLAS! thy voice, thy plaintive notes of woe,
 Like silver streams o'er smooth-worn pebbles, flow.
 To wail their ÆGON though thou bid the fair, 75
 Yet teach them not to languish in despair;
 For young ALEXIS, whom the Sage inspir'd
 With Wisdom's stores, and all his genius fir'd,
 From him has learn'd, with fervent zeal, the use
 Of each selected plant's salubrious juice; 80
 ÆGON in him still lives to bless the land,
 And rescue mortals from Death's grasping hand;
 ÆGON to him bequeth'd his mellow reed,
 For none but he deserv'd the noble meed.

To him resign the subject of thy lays, 85
 For he alone can sing in ÆGON's praise.

O D E

to

S U B L I M I T Y.

IMMENSITY, thy giant sire,
 When the fierce glow of amorous fire
 Inflam'd his wild tumultuous breast,
 The nymph Eternity compress'd.
 Thee from th' impassion'd dalliance sprung, 5
 Endow'd with wond'rous strength though young,
 She, in thy swathings to enwrap,
 Cradled on Horror's blood-stain'd lap.
 Thus was thy vest besprinkled o'er
 With curdled clots of crimson gore; 10
 In those thy fingers wont to dip,
 And deeper dye thy infant lip.
 Say, could the acrid taste impart
 A callous hardness to thy heart,

And render thee averse to hear
A mortal's groan, or heed a tear?

When tempests rend the lucid air,
Thy car, SUBLIMITY! is there;
By Whirlwind hurried through the sky:
Around thee vivid light'nings fly; 20
Or o'er thy lofty forehead play,
More fulgid than the orb of day.

If chance some lost benighted swain,
Should wander o'er the desert plain,
When by thy robe the queen of night, 25
Eclips'd, affords no guiding light,
Thou hurl'st the thunderbolt below,
In vain he shuns the fatal blow;
A sudden flash, with horrid sound,
Descends, and strikes him to the ground. 30
Insatiate with his wretched doom,
To send more victims to the tomb,
Thou seek'st in haste the lonely vale,
Where at the door his partner pale,
Surrounded by her infant train, 35
Attends his wish'd return in vain;

And sending forth thy vengeful ire,
 Enwrap'st them with a robe of fire.
 The flames their straw-roof'd cot consume,
 Dispel the silent midnight gloom, 40
 And hurl the crackling sparkles high,
 Kindling with ruddy blaze the sky.

When earthquake shakes the vaulted ground,
 And roars with subterraneous sound,
 Or cleaves the plain with nervous arm, 45
 No fears thy dauntless breast alarm.
 Her direful steps thou lov'st to trace,
 And see her with uplifted mace,
 Th' abodes of hapless man destroy,
 And riot in inhuman joy. 50

To ancient Ætna's brow sublime,
 Thy feet o'er smoking cinders climb;
 When Night her sable wing displays,
 Eclipsing Luna's borrow'd rays;
 There, bending o'er the gulph below, 55
 Thou seest the fiery lava glow,
 Where to the brim the bubbles boil,
 Then swift with deaf'ning din recoil.

Now from its womb the tempest flies,
 And thunders through the vaulted skies; 60
 Its iron bowels flowing wide,
 Roll down in fiery streams its side;
 The native, with his infant train,
 Forsakes his humble shed in vain,
 The furious tide, athirst for prey, 65
 Sweeps mother, sire, and child away!

Thy footstep, with colossal stride,
 Oppresses Ocean's ample tide;
 And when thou wav'st thy wand on high,
 The winds from every quarter fly, 70
 And whilst their blust'ring cheeks they strain,
 Disturb the bosom of the main.
 The Sailor, clinging to the shrouds,
 Observes with fear the bursting clouds,
 And vainly strives the helm to guide: 75
 The billows mount the vessel's side.
 Prone on the deck the Sailor cast,
 Entwines with trembling arms the mast;
 Now hurl'd with fury to the skies,
 He views the gulph with haggard eyes; 80
 And now enwrapt in horrid gloom,
 He sinks and finds a wat'ry tomb.

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 And now enwrapt in horrid gloom,
 He sinks and finds a wat'ry tomb.

When War's dread trumpet calls the brave,
 To wage the conflict on the wave,
 Then, thron'd amid encircling smoke, 85
 Guidest the cannon's iron stroke,
 Pleas'd to behold the vivid flash,
 And hear Destruction's horrid crash.

Yet not for aye with deeds of woe,
 Thou vis't'st mortals here below; 90
 Thy face assumes a milder mien,
 Thy swelling breast is more serene,
 When heavenly paths are trod by thee,
 Immortal maid, SUBLIMITY!

Thine eye beheld, tremendous Power! 95
 The wonders of that awful hour,
 When dread Creation call'd the earth
 And twice ten thousand worlds to birth;
 Then loudest mid the angelic choir,
 Thy flying fingers struck the lyre, 100
 That aged Chaos heard the sound,
 Attentive from his farthest bound,
 And conquer'd by the mighty strain,
 Resign'd to Concord's flow'ry chain
 His rebel crew, whose furious spite 105
 Found pleasure in eternal fight.

S O N G.

1.

THO', DELIA! on the flow'y mead,
 With thee the sportive dance I lead,
 View not the virgins with disdain,
 Who for a partner sigh in vain.

2.

Tho' oft with truth you hear me swear,
 Your eyes are bright, your face is fair,
 Oh! think not Love has thrown his dart,
 And pierc'd for thee my thrilling heart:

3.

For I from fair to fair resort,
 And pay to each my amorous court,
 In hopes at last a maid to find,
 The best, the fairest of her kind.

4.

Thus from the hive the insect flies,
And soars o'er flowers of thousand dyes,
But when the sweetest strikes his view,
He shuts his wings and sips its dew.



S O N G.

1.

AH! credit not the rival swain,
 Who whispers in thy jealous ear,
 That other maids my vows obtain,
 And call my passion insincere.

2,

I own, dear Maid! I love to seek
 The plain where sport the virgin choir;
 And oft the form, the blushing cheek,
 The charms of many a fair admire.

3.

But tho' each love-inspiring dame,
 My eye with earnest gaze surveys,
 Ah! cease, my Love! thy swain to blame,
 Because he gives each Beauty praise.

By blending ev'ry virgin's grace,
A something like thyself I see;
For all the charms of every face,
Are surely, CELIA, found in thee!



H Y M N.

1.

AFFLICTION! dry thy tear,
 For GOD thy cries will hear,
 And haste to save thy bark from storms of wee;
 For tho' he rules on high
 The Seraphs of the sky,
 He does not disregard the world below.

2.

When men thy name revile,
 Or with mean art beguile
 Thy breast, as harmless as the timid dove,
 If Conscience calls thee just,
 In GOD thy Maker trust,
 And hope for happiness in realms above.

3.

The nerve-corroding train
 That wait on scourge-arm'd Pain,
 O'er the frail body may with force prevail;
 The soul, of purer mould,
 In native virtue bold,
 Those fear-struck sons of Torture ne'er assail.

4.

Their stripes with patience bear,
 Nor yield to wan Despair,
 Who follows but their fury to increase;
 But wait the joyful hour,
 When the great Sovereign Power,
 Calls thee to mansions of eternal peace.



H Y M N.

1.

AWAKE thou, my soul! from the sleep of Despair,
 Where Sin the dread visions of Terror displays;
 For JEHOVAH has promis'd his wrath to forbear,
 If the sinner, repenting, his dictates obeys.

2.

His mercy will pardon the errors of Youth,
 Where the arts of Temptation the passions inflame,
 If we hasten when call'd to the temple of Truth,
 And reflect on past acts with the anguish of shame.

3.

He turns not his face from the children of woe,
 When with hearts full of sorrow they pour forth
 their cries;
 Tho' at first they disdain'd their CREATOR to know,
 He is swift to protect them, and slow to chastise.

H Y M N.

1.

THE shades of Evening veil the sky,
 The splendid light of Day decays;
 But still the LORD's all-seeing eye,
 Our every thought and deed surveys.

2.

To taste the sweets of soft repose,
 We welcome the approach of night;
 Tho' here below no mortal knows
 If we shall hail to-morrow's light.

3.

To GOD then let us humbly pray,
 That we each fleeting hour may spend,
 As if, with the decline of day,
 Our lives should likewise have an end.

THE END.

